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# FREE SPEECH

## *Nothing Goes Right In The House The Planners Built*

Just who have the planners got in mind when they draw up their blue-prints for houses? They certainly don't consider the housewife—or that a house has to be furnished.

They plan rooms so that furniture can't be ideally arranged because space has to be left for the door to open; they make floors an inch or so wider than can be covered by standard-width lino; kitchens are too small; sinks and cookers are placed to suit the plumbing, electric wires and gas pipes, not the housewife. It seems that the only people the planners do plan for are themselves.

J. T., BUCKHAVEN, FIFE.

*"There is a lot of bad, thoughtless planning," says a building research expert. "Pantries with inaccessible shelves, cisterns in cold attics, water pipes in draughty eaves, flues on outside walls. We are now asking women to help to plan homes—but it's a slow job getting builders to move with the times."*

★ ★ ★

## *Whoopee Special*

British Railways could give themselves a good recruiting boost—and make some money—if they ran "show" trains for railway enthusiasts. Excursions on trains of mixed rolling stock, with guides to explain signals, a travelling band and a chance to ride on the footplate should be a paying proposition. Railways fascinate most of us; why not cash in on our weakness?

JOHN ELLIS, ANCHORAGE CLOSE, WIMBLEDON.

*"We like to encourage the public's interest," says British Railways. "We do run trips to big rail depots and hire out 'specials' to parties of train spotters."*

★ ★ ★

## *Exams For Sale*

The reader who was refused past papers of eleven-plus examinations by the education authorities ("Free Speech," May 17) can buy them at a book shop. I did—and the papers were a great help to my children.

MRS. M. H., HEREFORD.

*"Education authorities frown on it, but we do sell eleven-plus papers," says a bookseller. "And there is a good demand for them—especially near exam time. They are not actual past papers but are made up of questions taken from past papers."*

★ ★ ★

## *That's Dandy*

The letter about mending a puncture with a postage stamp ("Free Speech," May 17) reminded me of the day I replaced a perished valve tube on my bicycle with a dandelion stem. It got me home.

J. J. McCRAE, VIRGINIA TERRACE, CAERPHILLY.

★ ★ ★

## *Once Bitten . . .*

John Crompton says that the tarantula spider's bite "was supposed to cause coma followed by death unless certain strains of music were played" ("A Bride With Murder In Her Eye," JOHN BULL, May 10). What he means is the tarantella, a Neapolitan dance that gets faster and faster. An Italian once told me that its purpose was to enable the person bitten to work off the toxic effects by dancing himself into a frenzy.

R. CRITCHLEY, KNYVETON ROAD, BOURNEMOUTH.

*"The dance originated in Taranto," says John Crompton, "but some experts believe that the spider bite was merely used as*

Continued on next page

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# FREE SPEECH

*continued from previous page*

*an excuse for a debauch. After the dance the 'patient'—known as the tarantati—sank down exhausted and was said to be cured, having sweated the poison out of his system."*

## Les Girls

What is the most advertised thing in the world today? It's not food, cars, drink, houses . . . it's GIRLS.

They fill newspapers, hoardings, films and television shows; they're everywhere. The apparently useless male doesn't get a look in.

*MRS. C. THOMSON, SLEIGH DRIVE, EDINBURGH, 7.*

## Fried Beacon?

My mother used to tell me that the glow which you can sometimes see on bacon, like petrol on a wet road, meant that it was bad.

I have seen this so often lately, on what seemed to be fresh bacon and ham, that I feel sure she must have been wrong. But if so, what does cause the effect?

*MRS. J. LEE, MANCHESTER.*

*"No, it's not bad," says a food research expert. "Mrs. Lee's comparison with oil on water is a good one. Both are optical effects caused by light being reflected under special conditions; in the case of the water, through a film of oil; with the bacon, because of the regularity of its microscopic structure. It also happens with beef."*

## 1895 Splash

Frank Rudge claimed that his pool—built 1955—was the first to be made by a school (JOHN BULL, May 10). I can beat that.

My old school, Sholing Boys', Southampton, started to dig a pool as long ago as 1894. We finished it the following year. And everything except bricking and cementing was done by the boys.

*E. J. HAGUE, THE LANE, HOLTWOOD, WIMBORNE.*

. . .Why do British men have a sense of guilt about wearing gloves for rough or dirty work?

It has intrigued me for years—and I noticed that in your article "How We Built Our Pool" Frank Rudge writes: "I have to *confess* that we wore gloves. . . ."

Why? I understand that in the United

States workmen usually wear gloves—yet to do so in Britain only attracts sneers and sniggers.

Surely it is common sense to protect your hands.

*H. V. RICHES, BROADWAY, HEACHAM, KING'S LYNN.*

## Made For Man

Congratulations on your serial "Made For Man" by A. P. Herbert. It needed courage to defy the views of the small but influential band of Church of England diehards.

Some years ago I divorced my first wife, after a register office marriage at which no vows before God were made. Later, when I wished to marry a girl who was a churchgoer, we were refused a Church of England wedding, although in English law I was the innocent party.

We were married by a Congregational minister, but my wife now finds that she is barred from joining the Mothers' Union.

*S. B., YORKSHIRE.*

. . . It was distressing to see you publishing A. P. Herbert's book. Although wittily written, what more is it than another attack, more subtle perhaps than others, on the sanctity of marriage and those who uphold it?

I would have thought that the effects of broken marriages were only too apparent, and that a magazine of JOHN BULL'S standing would uphold the marriage bond rather than ally itself with the enemies of society.

*P. M. PRICE, DYOTT ROAD, BIRMINGHAM, 13.*

## Blue View

Colour certainly has a big effect on us (JOHN BULL, May 17). Your article reminded me of the time I was invited to watch on TV the Wimbledon tennis tournament, which I always enjoy.

My intense dislike for the programme puzzled me—until I realized that half of Wimbledon's thrill is the exciting contrast of white and green and the colourful crowd. Until we get colour TV I shall be content to remain a listener.

*A. FRANCIS, LINGWOOD GROVE, BLACKHEATH, SURREY.*

## The Law's Reply

We lawyers don't make the difficulties that led Douglas Smith to throw his brickbat at us ("Free Speech," May 17)—we try to sort them out. He'd complain if after buying his shack he found that it wasn't the vendor's to sell.

Can we cut our costs? Yes, if our rents, rates and wage bills go down. Half of our fees go in expenses, and my partner and I, both in our forties, look forward to the day when we can earn over £1,000 a year, own a car and take more than a fortnight's holiday.

*J. F., WARWICKSHIRE*

***JOHN BULL pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post.***

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# THIS WEEK'S COVER

*HE only meant to skim through the headlines but those cricket scores knocked his good intentions for six. She might have hit the headlines herself, with a well-aimed marmalade spoon, but a front-page fashion flash caught her eye—and then an ambiguous paragraph about a singing goldfish. . . . Coleman says that his cover couple are heading for trouble anyway. He's already poured salt into his coffee, and the chances are that any time now she'll be trying to drink her egg.*

# I always say please to Player's

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[NCC 247]

*Britain's legendary hero begins a thrilling new exploit*

# HORNBLOWER AND THE PIRATES

*by C. S. Forester*

ONLY two rooms away from Hornblower's at Admiralty House, young Spendlove was singing lustily:

*"Oh, the dames of France are*
*fo-ond a-and free*
*And Flemish li-ips a-are willing."*

He might as well be in the same room, Hornblower thought, as all the windows were open to let in the Jamaican sea breeze.

*"And sweet the maid of I-Ita-aly. . . ."*

That was Gerard joining in.

"My compliments to Mr. Gerard and Mr. Spendlove," growled Hornblower to Giles, who was helping him dress, "and that caterwauling is to stop. Repeat that to make sure you have the words right."

"His Lordship's compliments, gentlemen, and that caterwauling is to stop," repeated Giles dutifully.

"Very well, run and say it."

Giles ran, and Hornblower was gratified to hear the noise cease abruptly. The fact that those two young men were singing—and still more the fact that they had forgotten he was within earshot—was proof that they were feeling lighthearted; as might be expected, seeing they were dressing for a ball.

Yet it was no excuse, for they knew well enough that their tone-deaf commander-in-chief detested music, and they should also have realized that he would be more testy than usual on account of that very ball, because it meant that he would be forced to spend a long evening listening to those dreary sounds, cloying and irritating at the same moment. The prospect of a ball was by no means as exhilarating to Hornblower as to his flag-lieutenant and to his secretary.

Hornblower tied his white neckcloth and painfully adjusted it to geometrical symmetry, and Giles helped him into his black dress-coat. Hornblower regarded the result in the mirror, by the light of the candles round its frame. *At least tolerable,* he said to himself. The growing peacetime convention whereby naval and military men appeared in civilian clothes had a good deal to recommend it; so had the other increasing fad for men to wear black dress-coats. Barbara had helped him select this one, and had supervised its fitting by the tailor. The cut was excellent, Hornblower decided, turning before the mirror, and black and white suited him. "Only gentlemen can wear black and white," Barbara had said, and that was very gratifying.

Giles handed him his tall hat and he studied the additional effect. Then he took up his white gloves, remembered to remove his hat again, and stepped out into the corridor where Gerard and Spendlove, in their best uniforms, were waiting for him.

"I must apologize on behalf of Spendlove and myself for the singing, My Lord," said Gerard.

The softening effect of the black dress-coat was evident when Hornblower refrained from a rasping reprimand.

"What would Miss Lucy say, Spendlove, if she heard you singing about the dames of France?" he asked.

Spendlove's answering grin was very attractive.

"I must ask Your Lordship's further indulgence not to tell her about it," he said.

"I'll make that conditional upon your further good behaviour," said Hornblower.

The open carriage was waiting outside the front door of Admiralty House. Hornblower climbed in and seated himself. Gerard sat beside him and Spendlove sat opposite, his back to the horses. As the door shut the carriage moved forward. Hornblower breathed the warm tropical air and grudgingly admitted to himself that after all it was no great hardship to attend a ball.

"Perhaps you have a rich marriage in mind, Spendlove?" he asked. "I understand Miss Lucy will inherit it all. But I advise you to make certain, before committing yourself, that there are no nephews on the father's side."

"A rich marriage might be desirable, My Lord," replied Spendlove's voice out of the darkness. "But I must remind you that in affairs of the heart I have been handicapped from birth—or at least from my baptism."

"From your baptism?" repeated Hornblower, puzzled.

"Yes, My Lord. You remember my name, perhaps?"

"Erasmus," said Hornblower.

"Exactly, My Lord. It is not adapted to endearments. Could any woman fall in love with an Erasmus? Could any woman bring herself to breathe the words, 'Razzy, darling'?"

"I fancy it could happen," said Hornblower.

"May I live long enough to hear it," said Spendlove.

IT was remarkably agreeable to be driving thus through the Jamaican night behind two good horses and with two pleasant young men; especially, Hornblower told himself smugly, when he had done work satisfactory enough to justify relaxation. His command was in good order, the policing of the Caribbean was proceeding satisfactorily, and smuggling and piracy were being reduced to small proportions.

Tonight he had no responsibilities. He was in no danger at all, not any. He could lean back, relaxed, against the leather cushions of the carriage, taking only moderate care not to crease his dress-coat or the careful pleats of his shirt.

Naturally his reception at the Houghs' house was somewhat overpowering. There was a good deal of "My Lord" and "His Lordship." Hough was a substantial planter, a man of considerable wealth, yet for all his wealth he was greatly impressed by the fact that he was entertaining, in one and the same person, a peer and an admiral and a commander-in-chief—and

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

The foliage rustled and a hand covered Hornblower's mouth. He struggled, but there was a sudden sharp pain in his back and a voice said: "Quiet. Or this"

*One glance over the cliff and Hornblower knew the sickening truth. There was no way up or down. They were trapped*

somebody whose influence might at any moment be of great importance to him. This warmth of his greeting, and of Mrs. Hough's, was so great that it even overflowed round Gerard and Spendlove as well.

Lucy Hough was a pretty enough girl of some seventeen or eighteen years of age whom Hornblower had already met on a few occasions. Hornblower told himself he could feel no interest in a child straight from the schoolroom—almost straight from the nursery—however pretty. He smiled at her and she dropped her eyes, looked up at him again, and once more looked away.

"Your Lordship does not dance, I understand?" said Hough.

"It is painful to be reminded of what I am missing in the presence of so much beauty," replied Hornblower with another smile at Mrs. Hough and at Lucy.

"Perhaps a rubber of whist, then, My Lord?" suggested Hough. He led the way to another room; Hornblower dismissed his two young men with a nod, and settled down to whist with Hough and a couple of formidable old ladies.

The old ladies played a sound game, and a pleasant enough hour went by. It was terminated by the entrance of Mrs. Hough.

"It is time for the polonaise before supper," she announced. "I really must beg you to leave your cards and come and witness it."

"Would Your Lordship . . . ?" asked Hough apologetically.

"Mrs. Hough's wish is my command," said Hornblower.

THE ballroom was, of course, stiflingly hot. Faces were flushed and shiny, but there was no lack of energy apparent as the double line formed up for the polonaise.

Spendlove was leading Lucy by the hand and they were exchanging happy glances. Hornblower, from the weary age of forty-six, could look with condescension at these young men and women in their immature teens and twenties, tolerant of their youth and enthusiasm.

The noises the orchestra made became more jerky and confusing, but the young people could find some sense in them. They capered round the room, skirts swaying and coat-tails flapping, everyone smiling and lighthearted; until, in the end, with a final hideous crash from the orchestra, the women sank low in curtsies and the men bent themselves double before them—a pretty sight once the music had ceased.

Hornblower met Lucy's eyes again, and once more she looked away and then back at him. Shy? Eager? It was hard to tell with these mere children; but it was not the sort of glance she had bestowed on Spendlove.

"Ten minutes at least before the supper march, My Lord," said Hough. "Your Lordship will be kind enough to take in Mrs. Hough?"

"Delighted, of course," replied Hornblower.

Spendlove approached. He was mopping his face with his handkerchief.

"I would enjoy a breath of cooler air, My Lord," he said. "Perhaps——"

"I'll come with you," said Hornblower, not sorry to have an excuse to be rid of Hough's ponderous company.

They stepped out into the dark garden.

"I trust you are enjoying yourself," said Hornblower.

"Very much indeed, thank you, My Lord."

"And your suit is making progress?"

"Of that I am not so sure, My Lord."

Then it happened. Hornblower heard a movement behind him, a rustling of foliage, but, before he could pay attention to it, a hand came over his mouth. He began to struggle. A sharp, burning pain in his back made him jump.

"Quiet," said a thick, heavy voice. "Or this."

He felt the pain again. It was a knife point in his back, and he held himself still. The unseen hands began to hustle him away; there were at least three men round him. His nose told him they were sweating—with excitement, perhaps.

"Spendlove?" he said.

"Quiet," said the voice again.

He was being hustled down the long garden. A momentary sharp cry, instantly stifled, presumably came from Spendlove behind him.

AT the far end of the garden they emerged into a narrow path where a darkness loomed up in the night. Hornblower bumped into something that snorted and moved—a mule, apparently.

"Get on," said the voice beside him.

Hornblower hesitated, and felt the knife against his ribs. "Get on," said the voice.

There were neither stirrups nor saddle. Hornblower put his hands on the withers and hauled himself up astride the mule. All round him he could hear a bustle as other mules were mounted. His own animal started with a jerk that made him cling wildly to its mane. Somebody had mounted the mule ahead and was riding forward with a leading rein attached to his mule. There seemed to be four mules altogether, and some eight men.

"Who are you?" demanded Hornblower, with the first breath that the motion had not shaken out of his body.

The man by his right knee waved something at him, something bright enough to shine in the starlight. It was a cutlass.

"Quiet," he said. "Or I cut off your leg."

Twice Hornblower nearly fell off, to be heaved back again by the man beside him. Soon he was atrociously sore. He was drenched with sweat, his mouth was parched, and he was desperately weary.

He had no idea how long they had been travelling when they found themselves beside a small river, seemingly placid as it reflected the stars. On the far side, faint in the darkness, towered a lofty cliff. Here the party halted, and the man beside him tugged at his knee in an obvious invitation to dismount.

Hornblower slid down the mule's side—he had to lean against the animal for a moment when his legs refused to hold him up. When he was able to stand upright and look about him, he saw a white face among the dark ones that surrounded him. He could just make out Spendlove, his knees sagging and his head lolling as he stood supported on either side.

"Spendlove!" he said.

There was an agonizing moment of waiting before the drooping figure said: "My Lord?" The voice was thick and unnatural.

"Spendlove! Are you wounded?"

"I'm—well—My Lord."

Somebody pushed Hornblower in the back.

"Come. Swim," said a voice.

"Spendlove!"

Several hands turned Hornblower away and thrust him, stumbling, down to the water's edge. It was hopeless to resist; Hornblower could only guess that Spendlove had been stunned by a blow and was only now recovering, his unconscious body having been carried so far by mule.

"Swim," said the voice, and a hand pressed him forward to the water.

"No!" croaked Hornblower.

The water seemed immeasurably wide and dark. Even while Hornblower struggled at the water's edge he had a horrible realization of the indignity he was undergoing, as a commander-in-chief, acting like a child in the hands of these people.

Somebody led a mule slowly down into the water beside him. "Hold his tail," said the voice, and there was the knife in his back again.

He took hold of the mule's tail. For a moment the beast floundered and then struck out. It was no more than a moment, it seemed, before it was plunging up the other bank, with Hornblower following it and the rest of the gang and the animals splashing after him.

The hand was back, turning him to one side and urging him along. He heard an odd creaking in front of him and a swaying object struck him on the chest. His hands felt smooth bamboo and some sort of creeper knotted to it—it was a makeshift rope ladder dangling in front of him.

"Up!" said the voice. "Up!"

He could not—he would not—and there was the knife point at his back again. He began the climb, with the ladder writhing under his feet. It was horrible in the darkness. His sodden shoes slipped on the smooth bamboo and his hands felt insecure on the creeper.

Somebody else was climbing close after him. Up he went, one rung at a time, until his upward-stretching hand touched earth, or rock.

The next moment was not easy; he was unsure of his hand-hold and he hesitated. He knew himself to be a prodigious height up in the air. Just below him on the ladder he heard a sharp command. A hand above him grasped his wrist and pulled, and there he was, lying gasping on his belly on solid earth. The hand dragged at him again and he crawled on all fours forward to make room for the man behind.

Other people trod past him.

"My Lord! My Lord!"

That was Spendlove asking for him.

"Spendlove!" he answered, sitting up.

"Are you all right, My Lord?" asked Spendlove, stooping over him.

Was it sense of humour or sense of the ridiculous; was it natural pride or force of habit, which made him take a grip on himself?

"As right as I might expect to be, thank you, after these rather remarkable experiences," he said. "But you—what happened to you?"

"They hit me on the head," replied Spendlove simply.

"Don't stand there. Sit down," said Hornblower, and Spendlove collapsed beside him.

"It will be dawn soon, I suppose," said Spendlove, weakly.

"Soon enough."

NOBODY about them was paying them any attention. There was a great deal of chatter going on, in marked contrast with the silence—the almost disciplined silence—which had been preserved during their dash across country. The chatter mingled with the sound of a small waterfall, which Hornblower realized he had been hearing ever since his climb. He could hear women's voices, too, while figures paced about, too excited to sit down despite the fatigues of the night.

"I doubt if we're at the top of the cliff, My Lord," said Spendlove.

He pointed upwards. The sky was growing pale, and the stars were fading; vertically over their heads they could see the cliff above them, overhanging them. Looking up, Hornblower could see foliage silhouetted against the sky.

"Strange," he said. "We must be on some sort of shelf."

On his right hand the sky was showing a hint

Ned Johnson's sword pierced Hornblower's thin shirt. "Write that letter, Lord," he said. "Or we'll have that ear off you . . ."

of light, of the palest pink, even while on his left it was still dark.

"Facing north-nor'west," said Spendlove.

Hornblower was suddenly conscious of his wet clothes, and shivered.

"That might be the sea," said Spendlove, pointing.

Hornblower rose to his feet, took a step forward, leaning over a low crude parapet of piled rock; he shrank back before nerving himself to look again. Under his feet there was nothing. They were indeed on a shelf in the face of the cliff—about the height of a frigate's main yard, sixty feet up or so.

Vertically below them Hornblower could see the small stream he had crossed holding the mule's tail; the rope ladder still hung down from where he stood to the water's edge.

They were on a shelf in a cliff, undercut through the ages by the river below when in spate. Nothing could reach them from above, and nothing from below, if the ladder were to be drawn up.

The shelf was perhaps ten yards wide at its widest, and perhaps a hundred yards long. At one end the waterfall that Hornblower had heard tumbled down the cliff face in a groove it had cut for itself; it splashed against a cluster of gleaming rocks and then leaped out again.

The sight of it told him how thirsty he was, and he walked along to it. It was a giddy thing to do, to stand there with the cliff face at one elbow and a vertical drop under the other, with the spray bursting round him; but he could fill his cupped hands with water and drink before splashing his face and head refreshingly.

Hornblower drew back to find Spendlove waiting for him to finish. Matted in Spendlove's thick hair and behind his left ear and down his neck was a black clot of blood. Spendlove kneeled to drink and to wash, and rose again touching his scalp cautiously.

"They spared me nothing," he said.

His uniform was spattered with blood too. At his waist dangled an empty scabbard; his sword was missing, and as they turned back from the waterfall they could see it—it was in the hand of one of their captors, who was standing waiting for them.

He was short and square and heavily-built, not entirely Negro, possibly as much as half white. He wore a dirty white shirt and loose, ragged blue trousers, with dilapidated buckled shoes on his splay feet.

"Now, Lord," he said.

He spoke with the island intonation, with a thickening of the vowels and a slurring of the consonants.

"What do you want?" demanded Hornblower, putting all the rasp into his voice that he could manage.

"Write us a letter," said the man with the sword.

"A letter? To whom?"

"To the governor."

"Asking him to come and hang you?" asked Hornblower.

The man shook his big head.

"No. I want a paper, a paper with a seal on it. A pardon. For us all. With a seal on it."

"Who are you?"

"Ned Johnson. I sailed with Harkness."

"Ah!"

That meant something to both the British officers. Harkness was one of the last petty pirates. Hardly more than a week ago his sloop Blossom had been cut off by the Clorinda.

Under long-range fire from the frigate she had despairingly run herself aground at the mouth of the Sweet River, and her crew had escaped into the marshes and mangrove swamps of that section of coast; all except her captain, whose body had been found on her deck.

This was her crew, left leaderless—unless Johnson could be called their leader—and to hunt them down the governor had called out two battalions of troops as soon as Clorinda beat back to Kingston with the news.

It was to cut off their escape by sea that the governor, at Hornblower's suggestion, had posted guards at every fishing beach in the whole big island—otherwise the cycle they had already probably followed would be renewed, with the theft of a fishing boat, the capture of a larger craft, and so on until they were a pest again.

"There's no pardon for pirates," said Hornblower.

"Yes," said Johnson. "Write us a letter, and the governor will give us one."

JOHNSON turned aside and from the foot of the cliff at the back of the shelf he picked up something. It was a leather-bound book—the second volume of *Waverley*, Hornblower saw when it was put in his hands—and Johnson produced a stub of pencil and gave him that as well.

"Write to the governor," he said; he opened the book at the beginning and indicated the flyleaf as the place to write on.

"What do you think I would write?" asked Hornblower.

"Ask him for a pardon for us. With his seal on it."

Apparently Johnson must have heard somewhere, in talk with fellow pirates, of "a pardon under the Great Seal," and the memory had lingered.

"The governor would never do that."

"Then I send him your ears. Then I send him your nose," said Johnson.

That was a horrible thing to hear. Hornblower glanced at Spendlove, who had turned white.

"You the admiral," continued Johnson. "You the lord. The governor will do that."

"I doubt if he would," said Hornblower.

He conjured up in his mind the picture of fussy old General Sir Augustus Hooper, and tried to imagine the reaction produced by Johnson's demand.

His Excellency would come near to bursting a blood vessel at the thought of granting pardons to two dozen pirates. The home government, when it heard the news, would be intensely annoyed, and without doubt most of the annoyance would be directed at the man whose

idiocy in allowing himself to be kidnapped had put everybody in this absurd position.

"Stand back!" yelled Johnson.

He leaped backwards with astonishing agility for his bulk, bracing himself, knees bent, body tense, on guard with the sword. Hornblower looked round in astonishment, in time to see Spendlove relax; he had been poising himself for a spring. With that sword in his hand and its point against Johnson's throat, the position would have been reversed.

Some of the others came running up at the cry; one of them had a staff in his hand—a headless pike stave, apparently—and thrust it cruelly into Spendlove's face. Spendlove staggered back, and the staff was whirled up to strike him down.

Hornblower leaped in front of him.

"No!" he yelled, and they all stood looking at each other, the drama of the situation ebbing away. Then one of the men came sidling towards Hornblower, cutlass in hand.

"Cut off his ear?" he asked over his shoulder.

"Not yet," said Johnson. "Sit down, you two."

Under the menace of the cutlass there was nothing to do but obey.

"Write that letter, Lord," said Johnson. He poked at Hornblower's breast with the sword, and the point pierced the thin shirt front to prick him over the breastbone. "Or we'll have that ear off you. . . ."

HORNBLOWER studied the swarthy features in front of him. The jig was up for piracy in the Caribbean, he knew. American ships of war in the north, French ships of war working from the Lesser Antilles, and his own busy squadron based on Jamaica had made the business both unprofitable and dangerous.

And this particular band of pirates, the remains of the Harkness gang, were in a more precarious position than any, with the loss of their ship, and with their escape to sea cut off by his precautions. It had been a bold plan, thought Hornblower, to save their necks by kidnapping him.

"You hear me?" said Johnson, offering another prick with the sword, and breaking in upon Hornblower's train of thought.

"Say you will, My Lord," muttered Spendlove close to Hornblower's ear. "Gain time."

Johnson turned on him, sword pointed at his face.

"Shut that mouth," he said. Another idea occurred to him, and he glanced round at Hornblower. "You write. Or I prick his eye."

"I'll write," said Hornblower.

Now he sat with the volume of *Waverley* open at the flyleaf, and the stub of pencil in his hand, while Johnson withdrew for a couple of paces, presumably to allow free play for inspiration.

What was he to write? "Dear Sir Augustus"? "Your Excellency"? That was better. "I am held to ransom here along with Spendlove by the survivors of the Harkness gang. Perhaps the bearer of this will explain the conditions. They demand a free pardon in exchange for. . . ."

Hornblower held the pencil poised over the paper, debating the next words. "Our lives"? He shook his head to himself and wrote "our freedom." He wanted no melodrama. "Your Excellency will of course be a better judge of the situation than I am. Your ob'd't servant." Hornblower hesitated again and then he dashed off the "Hornblower" of his signature.

"There you are," he said, holding out the volume to Johnson, who took it and looked at it curiously, and turned back to a group of a dozen or so of his followers behind him.

They peered at the writing over Johnson's shoulder; others came to look as well, and they fell into a chattering debate.

"Not one of them can read, My Lord," commented Spendlove.

"So it appears."

Johnson seemed to be expostulating, or exhorting, and some of the men he addressed drew back, shaking their heads.

"It's a question of who shall carry that note to Kingston," said Hornblower. "Who shall beard the lion."

"That fellow has no command over his men," commented Spendlove. "Harkness would have shot a couple of them by now."

Johnson returned, pointing at the writing.

"What you say here?" he asked.

Hornblower read the note aloud; it did not matter whether he spoke the truth or not, seeing they had no way of knowing.

Johnson stared at him, studying his face; Johnson's own face betrayed his bewilderment. Not one of the pirates was willing to venture into the grip of justice bearing a message of unknown content. Nor, for that matter, would the pirates trust one of their number to go off on such a mission; he might well desert.

The debate went on furiously, with a solution apparently no nearer.

"Do you think we could get to the ladder, My Lord?" asked Spendlove, and then answered his own question. "No. They'd catch us before we could get away. A pity."

"We can bear the possibility in mind," said Hornblower.

One of the women cooking over the fire called out at this moment in a loud, raucous voice, interrupting the debate. Food was being ladled out into wooden bowls.

A young mulatto woman, hardly more than a child, in a ragged gown that had once been magnificent, brought a bowl over to them—one bowl, no spoon or fork. They stared at each other, unable to keep from smiling. Then Spendlove produced a penknife from his pocket.

"Perhaps it may serve, My Lord," he said, apologetically, adding, after a glance at the contents of the bowl: "Not such a good meal as the supper we missed at the Houghs', My Lord."

They ate with difficulty, using the penknife turn about, juggling with the hot food, for which both of them discovered a raging appetite. The pirates and the women were mostly squatting on their heels as they ate. After their first mouthfuls they were beginning to argue again over the use to be made of their prisoners.

Hornblower looked out again from the shelf at the view extended before them. His secretary followed his gaze.

"That's Montego Bay, My Lord," said Spendlove, pointing.

Hornblower had visited the place in Clorinda



**MY OWN BOSS**

**By giving new happiness to my customers, I have built a satisfying career for myself**

# I sell beauty to shy women

by ANGELA WILSHER

A FEW months after I opened my beauty salon at Taunton in 1955 I was puzzled to see a woman hovering on the pavement on the opposite side of the road. I had noticed her there an hour before, when she had walked up and down for a few minutes and then gone away. She came and went several times before eventually crossing the road and walking hesitantly through my doorway.

After a long preamble she came to the point. She wanted treatment by electrolysis to remove hair from her upper lip and under her chin. She was embarrassed about it and had been trying to pluck up courage to make an appointment. Her great fear was that she would lose her fiancé, she told me.

Although she was more nervous than most, there are many women who would like to have this treatment but are shy of doing so.

I soon found this out when I completed my training and became a beauty specialist—and my own boss—at the age of twenty-two after five years' work in a bank.

I had more than £800 saved, and I took a five-month course at a London beauty school. This cost a hundred guineas. Then I had the chance to buy the equipment of the only beautician in Taunton, who had to give up through illness.

I bought her electrolysis machine, an electric massage machine and ultra-violet and heat lamps for £250. Other small items of equipment, such as a small electric massage machine, towels and stocks of cosmetics brought the outlay up to £328.

My first premises were two small rooms on the first floor of an old office block in old Taunton, between the two main shopping streets. The rooms were rather dull, so I decorated them myself, choosing pink walls and paintwork and a white spot on grey paper for the ceiling. I decided to trade as "Elisabeth," which is my second name.

Furniture and fittings for the salon cost £170, so I was trained and in business for about £600.

Local shopkeepers were very helpful and displayed my cards on their counters. I advertised in the local paper the week before I opened, and on my first day had three appointments for electrolysis. Takings: £1 17s. 6d.

By the end of the week the takings totalled £5 10s.; the second week £8 3s. and the third week £11 11s. 6d. Business, I found, was slack in January and February but there was a boom in spring and summer.

Expenses of the business for the first year, including rent, rates, electricity, upkeep of

**In her Taunton beauty salon, Angela Wilsher gives electrolysis treatment to a client**

premises, maintenance of equipment, advertising, flowers, magazines and salon stock came to £388—which just about equalled the income. So I had to live off capital for a year, limiting my expenditure to £5 a week.

The electrolysis machine, called an epilation unit, consists of an enclosed, white-enamelled cabinet and control panel to which the treatment instrument is connected by electric cable.

The instrument, which is held in the electrolysist's hand, ends in a small electric needle. This is placed at the base of a hair and with the flick of a switch the root of the hair is destroyed and the hair is removed. The needle does not penetrate the skin but goes into the hair follicle. Each hair has to be dealt with separately, but usually I can remove seventy-five in ten minutes.

One problem is that the electrolysis treatment depends almost entirely on advertising. Because women are self-conscious about having the treatment, they do not talk about it much to other people. For the same reason a beauty consultant has to be able to put nervous clients at their ease and be something of a psychologist.

A few months ago I was able to move to a house on the main Exeter road, where I have the business on the ground floor and live upstairs. I now do eyebrow shaping, manicure and pedicure, as well as facials—cleansing, massaging and making-up the face. It took two years to build up a regular clientele.

My average takings are now about £22 a week and expenses about £7. At times the business is a worrying one, but it is also very satisfying.

Some women worry enormously about their blemishes and are so relieved when they are successfully treated, which makes the work very rewarding. THE END

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last year—a lonely roadstead providing fair anchorage, and shelter for a few fishing boats. He gazed over to the distant blue water with longing. He tried to think of ways of escape, of some method of coming to honourable terms with the pirates, but a night entirely without sleep made his brain sluggish; and, now that he had eaten, it was more sluggish still. He caught himself nodding and pulled himself up with a jerk.

Spendlove had seen him nod.

"I think you could sleep, My Lord," he said, gently.

"Perhaps I could."

He let his body sink to the hard ground. He was pillowless and uncomfortable.

"Here, My Lord," said Spendlove.

Two hands on his shoulders eased him round, and now he was pillowed on Spendlove's thigh.

He awoke some time later, with Spendlove touching his shoulder.

"My Lord, My Lord."

He lifted his head, a little surprised to find where it had been resting; it took him several seconds to recall where he was and how he had come there. Johnson and one or two other pirates were standing before him; in the background one of the women was looking on. Evidently the pirates had made their decision.

"We send you to the governor, Lord," said Johnson.

Hornblower blinked up at him; although the sun had moved round behind the cliff, the sky above was dazzling.

"*You*," said Johnson. "*You* go. We keep *him*." Johnson gestured at Spendlove.

"What do you mean?" asked Hornblower.

"*You* go to the governor and get our pardon," said Johnson. "You can ask him, and he will give it. *He* stays here. We can cut off his nose; we can dig out his eyes."

"Good God Almighty!" said Hornblower.

Johnson, or his advisers—perhaps that woman over there—were people of considerable insight after all. They had some conception of honour, of gentlemanly obligations. They knew that Hornblower could never abandon Spendlove to the mercy of his captors, that he would do everything possible to obtain his freedom. Even perhaps—Hornblower's imagination surged in a great wave over the barrier of his sleepiness—even perhaps to the extent of coming back to share Spendlove's captivity and fate in the event of not being able to obtain the necessary pardons.

"We send you now," said Johnson. "Get up."

Hornblower rose slowly; he would have taken his time in any case, in an effort to preserve what dignity was left to him, but he could not have risen swiftly if he had wanted to. His joints were stiff. His body ached horribly.

"These two men take you," said Johnson.

Spendlove had risen to his feet too.

"Are you all right, My Lord?" he asked anxiously.

"Only stiff and rheumaticky," replied Hornblower. "But what about you?"

"Oh, I'm all right, My Lord. Please don't give another thought to me, My Lord."

That was a very straight glance that Spendlove gave him, a glance that tried to convey a message.

He was trying to tell his chief that he should be abandoned, that he was willing to suffer whatever tortures might be inflicted on him as long as his chief came well out of the business.

"I'll be thinking about you all the time," said Hornblower, giving back glance for glance.

"Hurry," said Johnson.

The rope ladder still dangled down from the lip of the shelf. It was a tricky business to lower himself, with his creaking joints, over the edge and to find footholds on the slippery bamboo.

His feet had hardly touched ground than first one and then the other of his escorts dropped beside him.

"Goodbye, My Lord. Good luck."

That was Spendlove calling from above. Hornblower, standing on the very edge of the river, his face towards the cliff, had to bend far backwards to see Spendlove's head over the parapet, and his waving hand, sixty feet above. He waved back as his escorts led the mules to the river.

Once more it was necessary to swim the river. It was no more than thirty feet across; he could have swum it last night without assistance had he been sure about that in the darkness.

He crawled out on the far side, the water streaming from his clothes, unwilling to move even while the mules came plunging out beside him.

Now it was a question of mounting a mule again. Hornblower's wet clothes weighed upon him like lead. He had to struggle up—the animal's wet hide was slippery—and as soon as he settled himself astride he realized that he was horribly saddlesore from the night before, and the raw surfaces caused him agony.

From the river, Hornblower and his escorts made an abrupt ascent into the mountains. They were retracing the path they had taken the night before; hardly a path, hardly a track. They picked their way up a steep gully, down the other side, up again. They splashed across little torrents, and wound their way among trees.

Hornblower was numb both in body and mind by now; his mule was weary and by no means as sure of foot as a mule should be.

The sun was sinking towards the west as they jolted on, down hill at last.

Passage through a final belt of trees brought them into open country upon which the sun blazed in tropical glory. This was savannah country, hardly rocky at all; there were cattle to be seen in the distance, and, beyond, a great sea of green—the vast sugar-cane fields of Jamaica.

Half a mile farther they reached a well-defined track, and there his escorts checked their mounts.

"Now you can go on," said one of them, pointing along the path winding towards the distant cane.

It was a second or two before Hornblower's stupefied brain could grasp the fact that they were turning him loose.

***To be continued next week***

*This story will be included in "Hornblower In The West Indies," to be published in the autumn by Michael Joseph. Price: 15s.*

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# My plan for peace in industry

by IAIN MACLEOD
in a JOHN BULL INTERVIEW

**Don't keep workers in the dark, says the Minister of Labour. Treat them as partners and profits are sure to go up**

SOME time ago the managing director of a South Yorkshire factory looked out of his window and saw a crowd of about five hundred boys trying to force their way into the offices. He picked up the phone. "What's wrong?" he asked the doorman.

"They want to see you," was the reply.

The managing director said: "Tell them to choose eight representatives and send them up."

The chosen eight marched into his office with determined scowls on their faces. "What's the trouble?" he asked.

The leader blurted out: "It's the girls' wages. They get two shillings a week more than some of the boys. They've started taking *us* to the pictures."

The managing director stifled a smile. "Sit down," he said. "I'll tell you why."

He went on to explain that the girls got more because of a national agreement which had been freely negotiated between the unions and the employers' organization. While the girls boosted their earnings by working extra hard on piece rates, the boys were tied to the comparatively low apprentice wages. As an individual employer he was powerless to break the agreement. The boys understood his point and at the end of the meeting agreed on a draft notice which they were to take back to the other boys.

There was no more trouble, but the managing director was still worried. The firm had a national reputation for excellent relations with its employees, but it was clear that there was some dissatisfaction among the boys. After a good deal of thought, he revised his training scheme so that it taught them more about their own jobs; it also taught them about the wider problems of the firm and showed them how their fortunes were bound up with its prosperity.

The continued success of this company is just one more proof that it pays a management to take its workers into its confidence. There will always be some things about which workers and employers have different views, but I believe that there are no longer two sides in industry.

Either we're all going to get rich together or nobody is going to get rich at all. It's up to every employer to show as much concern for his men as he does for his markets or his investments. If he does so, he can make them feel that they are genuine partners and not just hands to be hired and fired.

I know of one company whose decision to take its workers into its confidence paid handsomely. There is an account in a booklet I had published recently called *Positive Employment Policies* of a small printing firm that decided to move from the Midlands to Wales. Some of the workers had forty-five years' service. Should it give them three months' notice so that they could find other work—and risk losing half the labour force? Or should it keep the move secret and give only a week's notice just before the close-down?

It decided to give three months. But besides awarding each man a gratuity based on his length of service, it offered additional tax-free sums — ranging from £15 for an unskilled woman to £100 for a manager—to everyone who worked until the last day. All the workers decided to stay. The cost to the firm was between £3,000 and £4,000, but it maintained full production to the end. And before it closed every worker had found another job.

Confidence cannot exist without knowledge. Wisely, many firms now issue a workers' handbook which tells them about the company's policy and history, the conditions of work, the time-study methods used in fixing rates, the suggestions scheme and such amenities as the social club and long-service scheme. Some firms also include a message from the convenor of shop stewards.

But the workpeople also need a constant stream of up-to-date information on everyday problems. House magazines, wall-posters and, especially, talks with the foreman help.

But information alone is not enough. After telling the workers what is happening a firm must go on to make them feel a part of the enterprise. There are proper ways of doing this.

One employer formed the understandable and

*Continued on page 28*



# Who

AT the close of this year's Cannes Film Festival, where Britain's screen stars had once again been elbowed out of the limelight by their Hollywood and Continental rivals, a newspaper columnist raised his glass and drank a fervent toast: "To Diana Dors, who for all her faults had *impact*."

The toast was more than a reminder of the spectacular figure Miss Dors had cut at Cannes two years ago. It was a nostalgic tribute to the one British star who had managed to hold her own with the lovelies of America and Europe in the battle to be noticed, written about and photographed.

Miss Dors's technique had been brash and strictly professional. But it had worked. When she arrived at the floodlit cinema for the première of her film, *Yield To The Night*, dozens of photographers jostled in the foyer with guests reluctant to take their seats until they had sized up the star.

Miss Dors paused on the threshold, muttered under her breath: "Wet your lips, breathe deep —and here we go, boys," and swept into the throng in a manner which wrung reluctant admiration from more experienced stars.

She chose the sideshow arena of film-making, where the light of publicity beats fiercest, talent hardly counts and everything depends on an unfathomable quality known as glamour. There she built up an artificial legend, engineered by her own shrewd calculation and her astute husband, Dennis Hamilton, from whom she is now separated.

People shook their heads and said that it could not last, but for a time it looked as though they were wrong. Diana Dors, the only native British entrant in the film world's glamour stakes, seemed to be pulling it off.

One incident early this year showed that the Dors legend was losing its grip. Miss Dors arrived at a London première with her friend, bit-player Tommy Yeardye. The Duke of Edinburgh was in the audience and, after the film, celebrities were invited to a reception lounge to be presented. Miss Dors discovered that neither she nor her escort had an invitation.

They attempted to argue their way in, but were brushed aside. Dozens of witnesses saw the incident and not so long ago it would have been headline news. It was hardly commented upon.

This was a new experience for Diana Dors, the one-time Miss Fluck, daughter of a Swindon railway worker, who had turned a large flair for publicity and a smaller talent for acting into a £100,000-a-year-class business. For several years she has learned to do without much admiration or respect: but she has expected to cause a stir.

Appearing on a TV show in America two years ago, she was complimented on her spectacular dress by Lucille Ball, another star of the show. But when Miss Dors was out of earshot Lucille Ball turned to her husband, Desi Arnaz. "Peasant!" she hissed, nodding in Diana's direction.

A few moments later when Diana Dors made her entrance on stage in front of a large audience as well as the cameras, Lucille followed her, giving a wickedly funny imitation of the "peasant's" hip-swinging stroll. The audience hooted with laughter. It was several seconds before Miss Dors realized that they were laughing at her expense, but when she did so she merely wiggled her hips even more defiantly.

Onlookers have often been surprised into admiration by the aplomb with which she copes with incidents such as this. The truth is that

# was Diana Dors?

By MARGARET HINXMAN

It used to be: "Wet your lips, breathe deep—and here we go, boys." Has Britain's most famous 3-D girl retired from the international glamour stakes and decided to go straight?

given the limelight, even in uncomfortable circumstances, Miss Dors can usually hold her own. Only when her pre-eminence as a glamour girl is challenged does her self-possession desert her.

When the French actress Brigitte Bardot was making a film at Pinewood, Miss Dors happened to walk on to the set, where appreciative wolf whistles were being directed at the French girl by some of the technicians. Diana left, hastily changed into her tightest toreador pants and sweater, and returned to stand, hand on hip, waiting for the accustomed acknowledgments from the camera crews. When the technicians went right on whistling at Brigitte, Miss Dors made a quick and furious exit.

Such an act seems merely petty, except when related to the fierce, competitive world of Diana Dors, where to be out-dazzled by a visiting film star is a calamity not to be passed over lightly.

From the beginning of her career nobody had any need to teach her the value of publicity. She avidly fell in with any suggestion that might get her face and figure into the newspaper film columns. She subscribed to the theory that the only bad publicity was no publicity.

When it was suggested during the making of one of her early films that a photograph of Miss Dors draped across the road with a motor-cycle bearing down on her might be an interesting idea, she could hardly wait to try it. The photograph was submitted as a "Keep Death Off The Roads" poster. It was not accepted.

IN one of Diana's later pictures, when the star, Jane Hylton, complained about posing for publicity pictures, dangling her legs over the side of a dirty barge, Diana asked to be allowed to do it. The resulting cold war between the two actresses lasted throughout the production.

But it was Dennis Hamilton, the man she married, who provided ideas and the necessary drive and purpose that made Diana Dors into Britain's top glamour girl.

It was he who, when they had hardly a penny to spare between them, bought a second-hand Rolls-Royce car in order to show off his wife in a manner to which she was unaccustomed. "In those days," Diana recalled, "I hardly knew where the next meal was coming from."

It was Hamilton who threatened to walk out on the deal when Miss Dors was negotiating for a variety tour seven years ago, unless her salary was boosted to £100 a week, although both of them knew that their bank balance was down to zero and no other offers of work were forthcoming. Miss Dors got her £100 a week.

In time Hamilton became the presence always at her elbow, egging her on, pointing out her faults, boosting her assets. After one much-publicised episode in Venice, when Miss Dors paraded in a mink bikini, the two of them took a gondola trip through the backwater canals.

Miss Dors had slipped on a cloak, but Hamilton noticed the curious glances beamed at them from the bridges over the canals. "Go on, Di. Take off that wrap, give 'em a thrill," he said. Obediently she took off her wrap.

If Hamilton told her to come in out of the sun because it would bring out her freckles, she came in out of the sun.

Since her schooldays, when she put beetles in desks and effervescent salts in the inkwells, she had had a reputation for a ribald wit. Under Hamilton's training, her sense of humour took the shape of more and more elaborate practical jokes, which are still her chief amusement.

An actress who is now a star in Hollywood was the victim of one such joke. Diana and Hamilton sent her off on a wild-goose chase to make a personal appearance at a cinema, after thoughtfully warning the manager in advance to expect a crank trying to pass herself off as a famous actress.

If Miss Dors was not the instigator of such bizarre and uncomfortable plots, she certainly joined in with enthusiasm.

Now all that has gone. According to Miss Dors, she would like to be considered a serious actress. She admits that the only two worthwhile things she has done in her career are her performances in *A Kid For Two Farthings* and *Yield To The Night*. When, after *Yield To The Night* was shown, a friend sent her a congratulatory telegram, she broke down and cried.

To this end she is prepared to sacrifice a little and work conscientiously. She was so keen to play in *Yield To The Night* that she agreed to accept far less than her usual film fee for the picture. She even cheerfully fell in with the suggestion that no pin-up pictures be taken during the production. But when Yvonne

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# The

*Four determined men and a pretty girl were fighting for their lives in Shufflebury— with prize blooms for their ammunition*

Looking as fragile and slender as any flower, Susie stepped in and made a last-minute adjustment to the blooms

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

# battle of flowers

*by ROBERT HOLLES*

ALMOST two years ago Tony Ransom walked into my office radiating despair. A likeable young man, Tony. Desperation was not normally his kind of thing. "First time you've called on me professionally," I reminded him, "and you look as if you're already beyond legal aid." Fortunately my father, who had departed three days earlier to spend his retirement in Ravenna, had left half a bottle of his better sherry. We helped it down with some of the pleasanter recollections of our school-days together. Tony cheered up a little.

"The trouble is," he said, peering intently into the depths of his glass, "there's five of us."

I knew exactly what he meant, and sympathized. Tony was one of the five florists in Shufflebury. He had to compete with Cecil Harkway, Tim Partridge, the Italian, Albertini —and the ethereal Susie Jay.

Susie was the kind of girl that even a solicitor might dream of as having stepped down from a cloud; one, preferably, with rose-tinted edges and a silver lining. Not that I'd ever got any farther than dreaming about Susie, although I had been infatuated with her for years. My father had an infatuation of almost similar intensity for a painting, a Correggio in a ducal collection. After twenty years it came on the market, and he bought it. Similarly, I visited the shrine of Susie, but with far less hope of finding that she had suddenly come into the field of negotiable property—at least, as far as I was concerned. . . .

"You do follow me?" inquired Tony, who must have observed that my gaze was focused on infinity.

"Ah—yes. Yes, of course," I said. But it took a conscious effort to leave Susie and concentrate on the problem which was both hers and Tony's.

Twenty years ago, Shufflebury's five florists had made a comfortable living. That was before Pennington's had moved their big cannery away from the town to the coast. Since then the army had closed down the old cavalry barracks, the brewery had failed to meet its obligations, and the government in its wisdom had decided to create a massive new dormitory town, with attendant light industries, fifteen miles to the south. But what had really made the difference was the decision of the Railway Executive that the Shufflebury and District Branch Line was no longer an economic proposition.

Within that twenty years Shufflebury had ceased to be a bustling county metropolis and was now sinking slowly back to its eighteenth-century status of small country market town. Charming, most certainly. But prosperous—no.

"I don't see what's to be done," I said, "unless you fight the thing out to a finish."

"That's what we want to avoid," Tony said. "It would be collective suicide."

"You mean to say you've all got together on this? You and Susie Jay—and the others?"

"Exactly. We've decided there isn't room for all of us."

"That makes sense," I reflected. "What d'you propose to do about it?"

"We want you to organize a series of efficiency competitions, designed to produce an eventual winner."

"Now look, Tony," I protested. "This sounds rather drastic. Can't we settle for two survivors?"

"No. We've been into all that," he replied impatiently. "If you can make out a case for two, then it's easy to expand to three, and soon you're back where you started."

"So you want me to devise a competition, and the winner takes all?"

Tony frowned. "It's not as simple as that. If we did it that way, the customers would all disappear overnight. We've got to do it gradually, so that one of us drops out every six months, and the custom will have time to transfer itself to the others."

"Like the ten green bottles?"

"That's right, Geoff—except that there will be one large, lusty green bottle left intact."

"It's a bit unorthodox," I said, "but I'll take it But first I'll want a signed statement from each competitor agreeing to the conditions and accepting my sole authority as referee."

Tony slapped a wad of documents on my desk. "You've got 'em," he said. "And we'd like to have the first round a month from now."

Legally, of course, the whole business was about as watertight as the average cushion. It was more in the nature of a gentlemen's agreement. Fortunately, that is something here in Shufflebury to which a man will stick.

Three weeks after Tony's visit I wrote to each of the five florists announcing that I proposed holding a contest in window-dressing a week later. As a judge I obtained the services of Jerry Bristowe, an old college friend who had deserted the law for money and become a display expert with one of the big chain stores.

JERRY and I walked round on our tour of inspection on a bright spring Saturday morning. Tony, in the High Street, had tricked out a huge diamond with mixed tulips, encompassed by a horseshoe of blazing daffodils. "Pretty good," murmured Jerry, "but static." We went on to Albertini's near the station approach, then to Partridge's near the post office, then to Cecil Harkway's opposite, with Jerry marking his card and muttering: "Nicely done, but no mobility."

In the market square we looked finally in through the window of Susan Jay's. It was a solid, massed jumble of sheer colour. As Jerry was making his note, I saw Susie herself step into the shop window and make a last-minute adjustment to a cluster of flowers, looking as deliciously fragile and slender as any of the blooms among which she moved. Hastily I made signs for her to withdraw. She looked up, startled and flustered, then quickly vanished.

As we walked back to the office, Jerry remarked: "Touch of genius, that."

"What touch of genius?" I asked.

"Putting that ravishing blonde in the window at the right moment. Brought the whole concoction instantly to life."

I murmured something in agreement. Naturally, I didn't reveal Susie's identity—from what I remembered of our college life, Jerry's partiality towards a striking figure or an attractive face might easily have swayed his judgment concerning the case in hand. But there was no need for him to explain to me how a girl like Susie could bring life and vitality to everything she touched. That was why I had spent, over a period of years, far more money on flowers than I could afford.

The blow had to fall on somebody. It descended on Tim Partridge. Directly he was told, his perpetually worried expression evaporated, and he went about the business of dismantling his shop as if he had looked forward to the prospect for years.

SIX months later I asked the remaining four competitors to assemble in my office one early closing day for the second round. Susie, I noticed, looked a little apprehensive, and I hated myself for being responsible. But I had to go through with it.

"As florists," I told them, "you should all be conversant with some of the commoner Latin names for flowers. I propose to read a list of ten Latin names, and you will supply me with the equivalent English names."

Thoughtfully they filed into the waiting-room, and returned one at a time. First was old Harkway, a florist in Shufflebury all his working life; he went through the list without difficulty. Next came Tony, who was a bit hazy, but managed a score of seven.

Then Susie Jay came in, a little distraught and, for that reason, pale, which served to increase the piquancy of her appeal. "I'm sorry, Mr. Beaumon," she said, "but it's no use asking me. I've never bothered with them."

"You're still entitled to guess, Miss Jay," I said.

She guessed. After nine attempts she had a blank sheet. I stopped at the last item, *bellis perennis*. "Now don't rush into this one," I advised her. "Just think about it for a while, and then, if you think you can give me your answer, do."

She looked innocently at the ceiling. "Daisy."

"You're absolutely right."

But it looked like the axe for Susie. When the last competitor, Luigi Albertini, an emigrant from Naples to the more prosperous Shufflebury of the twenties, closed the door behind him, I suddenly realized that Latin was very close to his native tongue.

As it happened, however, Luigi's approach to Latin was akin to that of the cockney who has never been to the Tower of London. He didn't know a word of it, and refused even to guess. Finally he went out roaring with laughter to cover his embarrassment. He was still giggling uncontrollably a month later, when we all went to see him off on the boat train, on the first stage of the journey back to his native land.

During the next few months I became rather obsessed with the battle of flowers. It was getting exciting, with only Susie, Tony Ransom and Cecil Harkway left in the running.

Looking at it impartially, as I was bound to do, old Harkway, who had the biggest shop in town

and knew the floral trade from basement to top storey roof, was a clear favourite. By the same standard Susie, who ran her shop by a mixture of native charm and a sure intuition, was the outsider.

Then, a fortnight before I was due to organize the third stage of the business, I had a visit from Cecil Harkway.

"I'm selling out," he said.

"You don't mean it," I said.

"Certainly I do," said Cecil. He leaned forward confidentially in his chair. "Look here, Geoffrey my boy, I've been in business here for forty-two years, most of them during times when trade was pretty steady. I haven't done so badly out of it, either. If I stay on, I'll be retiring in a few years anyway, and there's nobody to carry on the business. On the other hand, if I give up now, I'll be leaving the field open to one or t'other of these two youngsters who've got the rest of their lives to live."

I thought about it. "Well," I said, "it's a very generous gesture."

Cecil grinned. "Maybe," he said, "and maybe I've had my fill of it."

When he'd left, I rang up Susie and Tony and told them the news.

Tony was delighted at first, then gloomy. "It's very noble of the old boy, but it leaves a straight fight between Susie and me."

"Forget it," I said. "There's enough trade in the town for both of you."

"We couldn't do that, Geoff," he said. "If we don't stick to the letter of the agreement it wouldn't be fair to Luigi and Partridge. There will have to be a sole survivor."

"Well, you've still got six months' grace."

"That's much too long to live in suspense," he said. "I think we'd both prefer to get it settled as soon as possible."

Susie thought the same.

So, a week after Cecil Harkway had pulled down his shutters for the last time, Tony and Susie Jay sat in the old leather-upholstered armchairs in my office, sipping coffee and listening to my words of wisdom. For I'd thought deeply about the subject in the intervening period and arrived at what I'd convinced myself was the perfect solution.

I glanced at Susie, and she smiled back at me. For a few seconds I wondered if I were about to make an appalling blunder, until I looked at Tony, square-shouldered and alert enough to tackle any kind of situation. Then I was sure that my decision was right.

"As responsible traders," I heard myself drone in the "legal" intonation which I always reserve for serious occasions, "you will no doubt both agree that it is essential for you to have a settled background, a definite prospect of continuity, a general, habitual pattern of life in which you can place, barring acts of God, your absolute reliance."

"I think that can be taken as read," said Tony. Susie didn't say anything.

"Well now," I continued, "it is my firm contention that this essential background is absent in each case, for the express reason that neither of you is at present married. So I am going to award the contest to the first of you to announce your wedding date."

It was over. It was the most obvious piece of match-making, but I felt sure that it would work. And, hard though it had been to bring myself to do it, it was the best way out. I couldn't go on dreaming hopelessly about Susie for ever.

They both looked slightly dazed as I saw them off the premises. Back in the office I stretched my feet under the desk and relaxed. I knew that all I had to do to fulfil my commission was to sit back and wait for results.

I hadn't long to wait. Within half an hour Susie was back in my office looking slightly flustered.

"I think I'll have to withdraw from the contest," she said. "I haven't a chance of winning it now."

"Look here, Susie," I said, "go home and think it over for a couple of days. I'm sure you'll find that everything will work out nicely."

"Of course," she said, "it would have worked out perfectly if I wanted to marry Mr. Ransom."

I was startled into gripping the arms of my chair, very tightly. "You mean he's asked you already? And you refused?"

She nodded. "I realize it's very inconvenient."

"But you could always marry somebody else," I pointed out.

"If there were somebody I wanted to marry, I couldn't ask him—until next leap year."

I felt suddenly breathless, dizzy. Could she possibly mean what I thought she meant?

I summoned all my legal poise. "Couldn't you manoeuvre him into a position where he would want to ask you?" I said.

"But how could I make the first move?"

"You could ask him to dinner—couldn't you?"

"If a girl asked *you* to dinner," she said, "would you want to go?"

"It would depend upon who the girl happened to be," I said.

She smiled. "Suppose it happened to be a girl like me?"

"Susie," I said, "I should be absolutely delighted."

THAT evening we dined alone, fussed over by half the waiters in one of Shufflebury's eight restaurants. On the following day, Saturday, we went motoring in the country and came back to town in time for the theatre.

It was late on Sunday afternoon that I proposed marriage during a boat trip on an unfrequented stretch of the local river.

Susie said: "Geoff, this is awfully sudden."

I said: "I don't want to rush you into it, Susie, but. . . ."

In the early hours of the following morning I was awakened by a telephone call; it was Susie, accepting.

Tony took it handsomely enough although, perhaps excusably, he declined an invitation to the wedding on the grounds that he expected to be busy with the sale. . . .

So it all really worked out very well. My marriage to Susie is very happy. And, to be honest, I must admit that in a small town like Shufflebury, where there are eleven practising solicitors, it is very useful to have the only florist's shop in the family. THE END

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## NEXT WEEK

A Soviet soldier's amazing story of the Siberian tests

**I SAW RUSSIA'S ROCKETS FIRED**

by SERIOSHA ASAFJEV

.Grippingnewdrama of the timber-belt

**The fall of the axe**

by PATRICK WINN

A light-hearted tale of a Welsh wooing high in Snowdonia

**MOUNTAIN RACE**

by JOHN DAVIES

**Raffles and the Banned House**

. . . or the dilemma of six pretty pianists

by BARRY PEROWNE

**Deer in the family**

The adventures of a friendly fawn that lives in a country pub

by DONALD BUCKINGHAM

# 2 · DEGAS

## The beauty in a fleeting moment

WHEN Edgar Degas was twenty-four, he wrote down in a notebook a set of projects and ideas: "Do expressive heads (in the academic style), a study of modern feeling. Do every kind of object in use, placed, associated, in such a way that they take on the life of the man or woman, corsets that have just been removed and retain, as it were, the shape of the body."

He went on to list subjects that might be studied. They included a series on musicians, with their different instruments; one on dancers, their naked legs only, observed in action, and the hands of their hairdressers; one on cafés at night "with the different values of the lamps reflected in the mirrors."

So far as is known, Degas never explored all the subjects he jotted down in his notebook. Those I have quoted occupied him for much of the rest of his life. Apart from portraits, his work, whether in oils or pastel, is a series of racehorses in action, musicians and singers at the opera or at café concerts, washerwomen ironing and women at the milliners, ballet dancers and, in his later years, female nudes getting in and out of the bathtub, washing themselves, rubbing down, combing their hair or having it combed.

Degas explained his nudes when he sent ten paintings to an exhibition in 1886. Hitherto, he said, the nude had too often been represented in poses which the artist had set and which presumed spectators. He preferred to have his nudes naked in a natural and unselfconscious way, as they are in a bathroom "as if you were looking through a keyhole."

This suggests figures accidentally caught in spontaneous action, as they would be in a camera snapshot. But Degas seemed to deny any such intention in a letter he wrote to a friend in the same year—a letter which, incidentally, explains why the range of his subjects was so restricted. "One must do the same subject over and over again, ten times, even a hundred times," he wrote. "Nothing in art should look accidental, not even movement."

What, then, did he mean?

There are two strands that enter into the art of Degas. Perhaps no painter in history has looked at the human figure, or at horses in action and movement, with so quick and accurate an eye.

The ways in which most of us see things are more fixed by conventions than we know; there are aspects of the external world to which we are blind until they are shown to us. It needs an eye of extreme sharpness and exactitude to watch horses and to record what really are the positions of their legs in any instant of their movement. Degas did just that. His gaze was preternaturally keen, and as it was a gaze that saw things as they were and not as pictorial convention made them out to be, it was also extremely candid.

Some people called his nudes obscene, but others thought they were simply heartless or, to use the better word with which Vincent Van Gogh described them, impersonal. Later in his life, Degas himself seemed to agree with this criticism. "Perhaps I have been wrong," he said, "in treating woman as if she were an animal."

He meant that perhaps he had been wrong in the detachment of his eye, in an indifference to everything but the forms and patterns described by her body, as if her movements interested him no more or less than did those of horses.

An American collector once asked Degas why he concentrated on the ballet. "Because I find there the combined movements of the Greeks," he replied. He meant that he found there a repertory of forms and movements for his own very classical art.

This is the driving force of his work, its second strand. What his eye registered, as an artist, was, quite simply, the shapes that the human body assumes as people go through the activities of their everyday lives: the patterns of arms and legs against the plumage of a dancer's skirts, or against the torso or the instruments of the orchestra—or against the bathtub and the shelf of toilet accessories.

For Degas, as an observing eye, the people that he so factually caught in so many fascinating and unusual attitudes hardly existed as people. They were shapes, patterns of lines, arabesques, forms and volumes—material for a design.

But his compositions were, in his time, no less original than was the angle from which he viewed the world. His name is, with reason, associated with the Impressionist masters. He was a somewhat older man than Renoir or Monet, more aristocratic and certainly more well-to-do. There was no financial need for him to sell his work and, in fact, he disliked doing so, preferring to keep it to be reworked and perfected.

IT is said that on one occasion, visiting the home of a wealthy friend, he noticed one of his own paintings hanging in the hall. To the astonishment of the servant who was waiting to take his cloak, he took out a coin and prised the picture from its frame, then went home with the canvas under his arm. It was years before the owner could get the painting back.

Degas was usually to be found at the Thursday evening gatherings of the Impressionist painters at the Café Guerbois in what is now the avenue de Clichy. He made a point of exhibiting his pictures with them, and liked being included in the ridicule their works invariably excited. But he did not by any means share all their ideas and he was not an Impressionist painter himself.

For one thing, he had no belief in working out of doors. "Painting," he would say, "is not an outdoor sport." In a roomful of pictures by Monet, he complained one day that their light reflections hurt his eyes and, looking at the landscapes, he shivered and turned up his coat collar to keep out the draught.

He worked always in his studio. Out of doors, as on the racecourse, he might take notes, but he relied mainly on his astonishing visual memory. To work straight from nature seemed to him to make the artist too passive, a slave to whatever happened to be before his eyes. "It is all very well to copy what one sees," he said to a friend. "But it is much better to draw only what you have kept in your memory. That way, you get a transformation, imagination collaborating with memory. Then you reproduce only what is striking—the essentials."

ALL this was opposed to the ideas of the pure Impressionists, and Degas naturally had little interest in their way of painting objects in terms of how light falls on them and is reflected. He believed in contours, in lines, in drawing. All the same, there was good reason why he was popularly regarded as "one of the Impressionist gang."

He had a restless, probing intellect that wanted to get at people as they really were and not as the more academic painters pretended they were. He looked about him with an original and curious eye, and shared his Impressionist friends' passion for the actual and the contemporary, for "the scene that rubs shoulders with you."

As a young man he had employed his immense gifts of draughtsmanship on "history painting"—a term of abuse in his circle. But it was history painting with a difference. The awkward, stringy, undeveloped figures of his "Young Spartan Girls Exercising" (now in the National Gallery) were by no means the idealized figures of the prevalent official convention.

For his ballet paintings, he penetrated behind the scenes to watch at rehearsal, not the stars, but the dancers of the *corps de ballet*, girls who were poorly paid and overworked. It may be that he was impelled by the contrast between what they were really like and their public appearance behind the glamour of the footlights.

Perhaps it was compassion that took him there. Perhaps he had his comment to make on a

*Continued on page 20*

# DEGAS

"Le foyer de la danse à L'Opéra de la rue le Pelletier" was painted by Degas in 1872, and is the first of his famous paintings of dancers. It is on a canvas 32 cms. x 46 cms., and is part of the Louvre Collection

©by Giraudon, Paris

civilization in which there could be such contrasts.

His picture, "Le Foyer de la danse à L'Opéra de la rue le Pelletier" (reproduced on pages 18 and 19) is one of his early works, painted in 1872. To Degas' great distress, this particular opera house was burned down in the autumn of the following year. Beside the violinist stands the ballet master (a friend of Degas) and the dancer on the left is rehearsing before him.

"Art is deceit," Degas once said. "It is calculation and artifice." He was not interested in making a record of appearances, candid though his eye was, but in making a picture whose harmonies would satisfy the mind as well as the senses. He added to his repertory of artifice and deceit certain devices which he learned from Japan.

In Paris, in the 1860s, Japanese prints had become the rage. Except for Renoir all the Impressionists were in one way or other attracted by these examples of Japanese art, but it was Degas who showed the keenest interest in them.

He did not copy them, but he took what he wanted and, in particular, certain ways of composing a picture. In these prints the principal subject is very often placed off-centre, the foreshortening can be very strong and steep, and the perspective is non-Western. The composition is often made on a strong diagonal and the horizon line is high up on the drawing. The subject, too, is often looked at from above.

It may well have been Japanese prints rather than snapshot photographs (though in later years he certainly used photographs) that gave Degas the idea of making an illusion of reality—as if he were snap-shotting actual life with a camera—by cutting off figures abruptly, and at unexpected angles, with the edge of his paper or canvas, or by putting into the foreground strong and dark notes like the scroll of a cello.

These devices helped Degas' "calculations" in another way. They heighten the sense not only of actuality but of movement and energy. But the effect is, at first sight, quite unexpected. It

A self-portrait of Degas painted when he was twenty-one. It now hangs in the Louvre

© *Giraudon, Paris*

might be thought that movement and energy would produce a picture tumultuous with life, even restless—and they very often do. Instead, in a picture by Degas, the effect is entirely one of restraint and repose, of something not betwixt and between a before and an after, but complete in the here and now.

With his eye for fastening on the arresting and expressive gesture or movement, Degas contemplated, not energy that was wild and reckless but energy that was itself disciplined and purposive: racehorses highly trained, dancers executing the steps of a rigidly controlled movement, women ironing or going through the purposeful routine of their toilet. The artificial pose upset the rhythm of such movement, and this was why—though in later years he had in his studio bathtubs for his models—he wanted to observe them as if unobserved and through a keyhole.

Hence the element of the seemingly accidental and spontaneous. Hence, too, the element of the instantaneous. Because if from movement, even disciplined movement, are to be made lines and forms of a perfection that is tranquil, then somehow the movement must itself be frozen at the instant in which the eye catches it.

Degas observed without drawing, it has been said, and drew without observing. His art is an extremely studied one.

His habit seems to have been to look closely, to store his prodigious memory with visual images, and to make some quick drawings on the spot. He rarely worked directly from life—except in his later years when his eyes began to fail. His earlier pictures were not the result of any one contemplation of the subject. They were patiently built up by trial and error from a multitude of studies often over years.

What mattered was the result, the product of the two strands in him—the searching matter-of-fact eye always probing for the truth of things and the passion for formal perfection.

Perhaps it was these which made Degas so restless and querulous a character. He had a catlike independence and aloofness, and never seemed to know quite what he wanted.

When he was a young man, he was visited in his Paris studio by his brother René, who lived in New Orleans. At the end of René's visit, Degas went to see him off at Le Havre. There he lingered so long on the boat that he was still aboard when it sailed for New Orleans.

In America, he spent six months in aimless painting, "beginning works that would take ten years, and leaving them after ten minutes," he wrote to a friend.

He was a hard and bitter man, not least with himself. But, in fact, his eye was not entirely heartless. There was humanity and warmth in it. In his paintings, he could lift the drab ballet dancer into an enchanted world of almost immaterial radiance. It was an eye that could also be witty and ironic, but compassionate as well. It penetrated into character. Less obviously than his ardent admirer Toulouse-Lautrec, but obviously enough, he was not a man who accepted the contemporary scene, as Renoir did, without comment or criticism. But he never conveyed his comment explicitly.

Perhaps it was his tense perfectionism about his work that made Degas into something of a neurasthenic and a hypochondriac, on edge and depressed. He was always complaining about his failing sight, although as late as the nineties, according to my father, who knew him then, he was still able to see fairly clearly.

Very much a recluse and a confirmed bachelor, he was not an endearing character. His contemporaries admired and respected him, but he was rarely loved and always feared, and everybody dreaded his witty tongue.

One day the painter Whistler, monocled, frock-coated, top-hatted and carrying his cane, came into a restaurant where Degas was sitting. "Whistler," he said, "you've forgotten your muff."

On another occasion, he remarked drily to Whistler: "You carry on, my friend, as though you hadn't any talent."

He was sympathetic and kind towards beginners, but ruthless towards anything he thought a lapse from the most complete integrity. It made him an austere and uncompromising figure, who detested every sort of flattery or ceremony. He once told his friend, the painter Forain, that he wanted no speeches at his funeral. "But," he said, "if there has to be one, Forain, you get up and say, 'He greatly loved drawing; so do I' and then go home." THE END

"Breakfast after the bath" was painted by Degas in 1883. He liked to draw his nudes in natural poses—"as if you were looking through a keyhole," he said

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*The next great painting in this superb series of double page prints in full colour is by Georges Seurat*

# What are our chances of living to ninety?

by DR. BRIAN ANSON

**It's taking longer for old age to creep up on us. And doctors say we'll soon be getting younger every day**

A MAN of forty came to see me the other day. "I don't feel old," he said. "It's hard to realize that I'm more than half-way through life."

"I don't suppose you are," I told him. "The chances are that a man of your age will reach ninety or more."

"Then what has happened to the three score and ten?" he asked.

Not a great deal has happened yet, but the expectation of life for every new-born baby has been leaping up, and is soon due for another spurt. Only forty years ago a baby's life expectation was forty-five years. Today it is seventy. At the other end of the scale, a man of sixty-five could then expect ten more years. Today he can expect twelve—and in twenty years' time he will expect twenty-five, making the usual length of life ninety years.

During the last three decades medical science has concentrated on the killing diseases of babies and young children, with results to be marvelled at. In Victorian times 150 babies out of every thousand died before they were a year old, and another 150 before their fifth birthday.

Malnutrition, tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, dysentery and pneumonia carried them off like flies, and it was common enough for a mother to say that she had had eight children and buried four of them.

Now the picture is completely changed. In England and Wales in 1956, 23.8 babies died out of every thousand. In my own town the infantile mortality rate was 14.3, and has not far to go to reach the irreducible minimum, since a few deaths, from causes such as prematurity and accident, are inevitable. Child welfare and better housing have contributed to this result; so have immunizations, vitamins, antibiotics, blood transfusions and modern surgery, as well as ante-natal care. As far as medical knowledge is concerned, the problem is solved. The rest is up to sociology.

Doctors are now turning their attention to the other end of life, to the killing diseases and disablements of old age. It is not much use living to ninety if you are blind and deaf, mentally deranged or crippled.

I explained this to my forty-year-old friend, and added: "You'd better begin to think what you will do with this bonus. Possibly you will retire at sixty-five only to take up some less strenuous occupation, and have a second retirement in your eighties—when you can begin to bore your great-grandchildren with reminiscences."

For people in their sixties and seventies the chief killing diseases are cancer, hardening of the arteries—leading to strokes and heart attacks—and chronic bronchitis. To a lesser extent, so are kidney and digestive troubles. The veteran who weathers these storms and reaches ninety seems to acquire a certain immunity. He seldom has any definite disease and unless he is unlucky enough to cripple himself with a fractured hip, he seems just to fade away.

MOST people have a dread of cancer, but this problem is not so intractable as it once seemed. There are many lines of attack, both in pure research and applied techniques, all offering prizes just round the corner. Surgical techniques now attack any part of the body.

I know a man who had a tumour of the brain. It was successfully removed, together with quite a large amount of brain tissue—but nobody would suspect it. His behaviour, intellect and memory are normal. Another patient had a cancer of the tongue eight years ago. At one time this would have meant a mutilating operation without much hope of cure. He was treated with radium, has had no more trouble, and no sign of the growth can be seen. Cancer of the lung is a terrible thing, but I have at any rate one patient who had his removed three years ago, and so far all is well with him.

The internal secreting glands have an effect on cancer not yet fully understood. An elderly patient of mine has had cancer of the prostate for the last ten years, during which he has been taking tablets of female hormone. I would not say that he is cured, but he has no symptoms and is perfectly well.

A woman patient had extensive cancer of the breast, beyond reach of operation. The growth has disappeared since she has been taking tablets of male hormone. Another similar case was greatly improved after an operation on the woman's suprarenal glands. We know now that the pituitary gland is involved, too. During childhood and adolescence it secretes a "growth" hormone, which should be in abeyance during adult life. But if this hormone gets out of hand, it stimulates cancer cells to proliferate. By inserting radio isotopes into the gland, this hormone is controlled and advanced cancer cases improve.

All this is only part of the story. What we really want to know is just what happens to a normal healthy cell to fill it with an urge for reproduction at the expense of its neighbours.

There seem to be two stages. First the cell is changed into a potential cancer cell. Then, perhaps many years later, it is started off on its evil career. One chemical may be responsible for both stages—or the first may possibly be due to a virus. There is no known case of a virus being recovered from human cancer, though virus has been detected in a kind of cancer in chicks.

Some doctors think that no virus has been

found in human cancer because once it enters the cell it changes and becomes a gene—an intimate part of the cell nucleus. The study of that nucleus now offers much hope.

Quite possibly we may not have to wait for this. It is not necessary to find the cause of a disease before its cure is found. Quinine cured malaria before the malaria parasite was discovered, and one flash of genius may be all that is needed.

People dread cancer—believing incorrectly that it is always painful and invariably fatal. There is not the same horror of arterial diseases, although, in fact, these diseases kill more than twice as many old people as cancer does. When an old lady in my road had a stroke, one of her relatives said: "Well, it's to be expected at her age."

And when a friend of mine had a coronary thrombosis and died suddenly at the age of sixty, his business associate just shook his head sadly, saying: "Ought to have taken things easier. Still, it's the best way to go. All over quickly." Which, when you think of it, can be said of any violent death.

This complacency is all wrong. Rough and brittle arteries may be inevitable in extreme old age, though I do know a man of ninety whose arteries are still like rubber. Arterial diseases should no longer be regarded as normal in people just looking forward to a happy retirement. Research is even now unravelling the causes of atheroma and arterio-sclerosis, and finding ways to prevent them, even possibly cure them.

Cholesterol, a derivative of certain fats, circulating in the blood, is thought to play a big part in damaging arteries. Meat fat, butter and cream cause trouble. Coconut oil seems relatively harmless. And research is showing that oils from corn, rape seed or safflower seed can reverse the hardening process. In Sweden, experiments have been made to produce palatable forms of these oils, as cheese or ice-cream, and a few patients have now been treated for more than a year with marked benefit.

Cholesterol is not the whole story. An American authority, Hans Selye, has shown that some hormones contribute to the roughening of coronary arteries, and has been able to prevent it in animals with salts of magnesium and potassium.

It is an old saying that a man is as old as his arteries. In twenty years' time it should be possible to keep his arteries young.

Chronic bronchitis is all too common. Every day during the winter and quite often in summer my round includes one or two sufferers. At their best, they wheeze and pant their way through life. Periodically they take to their beds with an acute attack. As time goes on the damaged lungs develop emphysema, the heart rebels at pushing blood through the obstructed organs and it begins to fail. Then I have the distressing sight of a man or woman sitting up in bed, struggling for breath, blue in the lips. I am able to give some relief, only to see another attack a few months later.

It is not only a matter of keeping people alive. We want to enjoy old age. Too often when an old person dies, I hear a relative remark: "Well, it was really a merciful release." Life, in short, was not worth living.

A recent investigation in Birmingham showed that of a thousand men between the ages of sixty and seventy only twenty per cent were in good health. Another thirty-eight per cent had complaints which did not incapacitate them, twenty-nine per cent were too ill to work, and thirteen per cent were seriously ill.

The chief troubles were chronic bronchitis, high blood pressure, heart disease, peptic ulcer and arthritis. Six per cent were more or less deaf and fourteen per cent had poor sight. There was three times as much disability among unskilled workers as among professional people, possibly because those in the higher income groups have less exhausting lives and take better care of themselves.

The increasing use of machinery to replace back-breaking labour and the Health Service, which brings equal medical care to all, should soon have a levelling effect and improve these figures. Deafness and blindness are becoming less common as children's ears and eyes get better attention. Of the disabling diseases of old age, arthritis takes the chief place.

Rheumatoid arthritis is a curious disease. I had a woman patient, in her thirties, who never had a day's real illness until her small girl was stricken with polio and for some days hovered between life and death. The emotional shock was severe, and within a few weeks the woman was in bed herself with arthritis of her hands and elbows.

THE disease seems to be some sort of allergic response to toxins in the blood, resulting from a hormone deficiency in the suprarenals, which may be brought on by shock or other causes—possibly climatic. The changeable British weather certainly bears a large part of the blame for rheumatism.

Some of the mental changes of age are due to a poor blood supply to the brain, from arterial disease, and when this is conquered much mental senility will go with it. But the aged mind is less agile, and takes longer to move from one problem to another. The old person is best occupied in some mental task on which he can spend time. Then experience helps him, and he produces worth-while conclusions, but he should not be asked to make snap decisions.

While experience is valuable, however, old people have a tendency to rely on it too much. They need to keep their minds open to new facts, new discoveries, and not be lazy and offer the excuse that "You can't teach an old dog new tricks."

Within twenty years most of our geriatric problems will be under control, and those then sixty will have another thirty years before them. But, when all is said, it may still be true that to have had long-lived parents is the best assurance that we have of a long life.

There is wisdom in the remark which an old man made to me the other day: "My father was ninety-five, my mother ninety-eight. Can't see why I shouldn't reach a hundred." THE END

"It was a large leather bag with eight clubs in it"

# Who was Diana Dors?

*Continued from page* 13

Mitchell, who appeared with her in the film, unexpectedly decided that she would pose for some pin-up pictures herself, Miss Dors's good intentions were quickly scuttled.

One morning, J. Lee Thompson, the director, found the two actresses seated at opposite ends of the set. Diana was glowering in Yvonne's direction, in her hand a copy of the newspaper that had published Yvonne's pin-up picture. "If she's going to start this lark, I'm going to strip off now," she muttered angrily to Thompson.

The film showed that she is a competent dramatic actress. But it also made her doubt the wisdom of forsaking her glamour-girl reputation. After *Yield To The Night* several of her fans wrote expressing their disappointment that she should have appeared on the screen stripped of the blonde glamour they had come to expect of her.

The criticism touched a sore spot. When Miss Dors turned up unsuitably glamorized for the first day's shooting on her next British film, *The Long Haul*, she explained that she could not disappoint her fans again. She played the character of a tough truck-owner's girl friend looking as if she would have been more at home in a West End revue.

In the studios she generally is regarded as a "professional." She expects no favours and enjoys a matey relationship with the unit. And she tends to treat the attractions on which she trades as a rather earthy joke.

Getting ready for a more than usually revealing shot in front of the camera, she turned to the technicians with a hearty "Okay, boys, take a good look now, then let's get on with it." Her face, too thick-lipped and full-contoured for prettiness, she dismisses as "the old dial." Her only instruction to the make-up man is usually: "See what you can make of it."

Her much-photographed figure is not particularly remarkable — a fact of which she is well aware. "You can see it in the way she poses," says one cameraman who has photographed several of her pictures. "She instinctively strikes a pose that shows her good points and camouflages her not so good ones."

But, apart from the experience that has taught her how to pose for a provocative pin-up, she also has the gift of presenting herself in such eye-catching circumstances that any deficiences in her figure seem insignificant.

This trick of attracting attention often offends soberer people in the film business. During her Venice trip, Miss Dors was invited, with several other British stars, to a cocktail party on board one of the Royal Navy's ships. Her colleagues turned up discreetly dressed in styles that would not have shamed a vicar's tea party; Diana Dors arrived in slightly grubby toreador pants and a sweater that had seen better days.

In full glamour regalia she arouses a different kind of hostility. "Imagine dressing like that to meet her Queen," huffed American actress Katy Jurado when Miss Dors appeared for the Royal Film Performance three years ago in a startlingly low-cut evening gown. Admired by the behind-the-camera workers, who find her friendly and co-operative, she is not the most-liked person among the stars.

When she left Britain for Hollywood, two years ago, she entered a different kind of world. It was a superficially friendly world, but one that was embarrassed by the kind of vulgar publicity which had been laughed off in Britain as just another indication that "our Di" was a game girl with plenty of spirit.

After a much-publicized swimming-pool incident during a big party she threw, there was a hasty exodus. None of the stars and producers who had seemed so amiable wanted to discuss it afterwards.

She returned home having made two films—one a comedy that has been held up for eighteen months and is only now being released, *I Married A Woman*; the other, a routine and poorly patronized melodrama, *The Unholy Wife*. Since then her films have not done big business at the box offices. Her marriage has broken up, and although she should have been a comparatively wealthy woman, her finances were so involved with her husband's that she still is not sure how much she owns.

She now shies away from the press, whose goodwill she had once so carefully encouraged. There was a time when any reporter could telephone Miss Dors and always get a good story. Now she sometimes demands a written request for an interview.

In the early days of her career she was not above pulling pints in a Yorkshire pub or sharing jellied eels with the locals. But that natural *bonhomie*, the spontaneous mateyness that made her a favourite with the public despite her court cases and bawdy publicity, is now more carefully rationed.

"When people said that Britain could not produce a glamour girl, we could always point to Diana Dors," said one film critic recently. "But where do we point now? Come to think of it," he added thoughtfully, "it could be even worse for her, always looking back to the empty throne she has given up."

Miss Dors herself seems to have made up her mind to keep her eyes front. In one scene of her latest film, *Tread Softly, Stranger*, the producer asked her to wear a blouse provocatively half unbuttoned down the front. She refused. That, explained the girl who once posed in the near-nude for 3-D pictures, was not how she wanted to appear any more. THE END

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# IN SHORT

## Parents' Day

We wait in the long corridors
  to meet
The teachers whom our
  daughter recommends
As being "not too bad" or
  "rather sweet";
Trying to look intelligent
  and cool,
Remembering her warnings
  to behave
As parents should in visiting
  a school;
Yet, apprehensive, feel like
  pupils who
Without much hope in
  critical exams
May just scrape through.

DOUGLAS GIBSON

## Just Published

Paris is difficult to drive in. . . . People wave from one car to the other. Someone leans out and asks the direction from the driver of the car alongside—all this compote is moving up the Champs-Élysées and out through the Bois at top speed, interrupted now and then with sudden screeching stops.

No one pulls over to the kerb if anything happens. The mechanism is repaired in the middle of the street to an accompaniment of great arguments between policemen and drivers. In front of you a nutshell of a car comes to an abrupt stop, the owner giving you no signal; a bewhiskered madman hops out, makes wild gestures with his hands—he means for you not to get excited. He adjusts his pince-nez, reaches under the seat, brings out a wine bottle and pulls the cork with his teeth.

But he doesn't drink, because the bottle contains gasoline which he pours into his car. He nods to you as he takes the cork from his teeth, puts it back into the bottle and continues.

Ludwig Bemelmans in *Holiday In France*, published last week by André Deutsch

## Starke's Guide To The Happy Home

"A family that has no visitors and an unvaried routine can easily slide into a rut. It helps if the husband brings home the occasional unexpected friend"

## Family Outing

I think we ought to stop the car for a while, dear. The children are getting restless.

All right, we'll pull in at the next lay-by.

What's a-lay-by, Daddy?

It's a place at the side of the road where people stop to read the Sunday papers and throw litter about.

That's not the right way to answer him, dear.

Well, it's true, isn't it?

Was that a lay-by where the man was kissing the lady in the Jaguar? *Stop it, Shirley.*

Quiet, everybody! We're coming to a lay-by now. No good—it's full of lorries.

What are the lorry drivers doing, Daddy?

Resting. They have to take a lot of naps.

Do they ever kiss ladies? *Stop it, Shirley!*

No, they're much too tired. Why don't you go on with that "I Spy" game? Look—there's a sign you haven't seen before: DANGER OF SUBSIDENCE.

What does that mean, Daddy?

It means there are coal mines underneath and the road might fall in.

Wouldn't it be better to drive faster, then?

Not really. If you drove too fast you couldn't stop in time when you came to a big hole.

Are we still going to stop in a lay-by?

I think your Mother would prefer us to go on a bit farther. Look—there's another sign: BEWARE OF BLASTING. Quite an exciting part of the world, isn't it?

Daddy, I've just thought of something funny.

What, Johnny?

Suppose when the man in the Jaguar was kissing the lady their car suddenly fell down into a mine. Wouldn't they be surprised? *Oh, stop it, Shirley!*

E. S. TURNER

## Other People's Letters

I haven't written all this month because there's been no news of any importance—only the War—and I've been busy, too, with my innocent stories. I suppose you've heard that Keidrych is to be married in Llanstephan next Wednesday. I am to be best man. Have you got a respectable suit you can lend me, or, rather, trust me with? I'll return it, unegged, straight after the wedding—the next day, really. I can't undress in the church porch. I shall hardly ever, if ever, need a respectable suit again and it would be silly of me to put myself in more debt by getting a new suit for this one remarkable occasion. You're the only chap about my size.

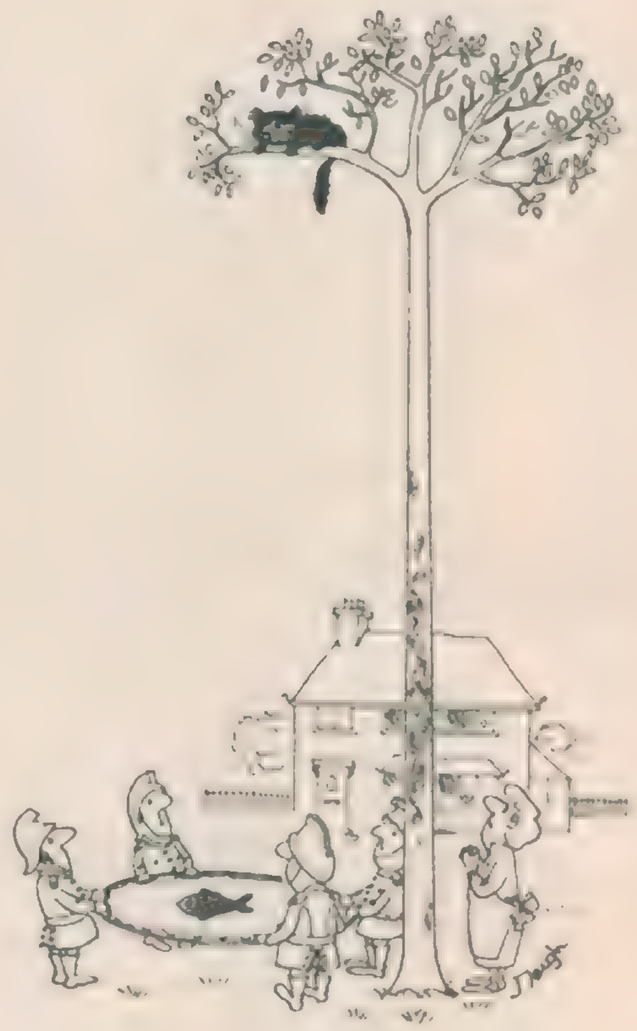
*Who wrote this letter? See foot of this column.*

## Foreign Affairs

Two policemen sat in their patrol car in Albany, New York, grumbling about their jobs. They were sacked when they got back to the station—their radio transmitter had been switched on and every word was heard on the police network.

Mr. F. R. Tapples of Sydney bought some spare parts for his car and later found that he had been undercharged by £1. On going back with the money, he was told by the garage manager: "That changes the amount of sales tax you have to pay," and he was charged another 3s. 4d.

Three teenagers broke into an Escanaba, Michigan, school and stole £25 from the school-fund box. They spent some of the money seeing *The Ten Commandments* and were so impressed by the film they went back to the school to return the rest of the stolen money.



## Pause In The Office Routine

After the watches are checked,
  After the nails are buffed,
After the paper is read,
  After the hair is fluffed,

After a story is told,
  After a point is proved,
After the mid-morning coffee,
  After a spot is removed,

After a look out the window
  To see, will the sun through the murk
    break,
Shortly before it is lunchtime
  Comes what we assume is a work break.

RICHARD ARMOUR

---

*The letter above was written in 1939 by Dylan Thomas to Vernon Watkins.*

# You can't run away

***Two killings were too much for Billy. How could he prove that both were accidents?***

by **ARTHUR MAYSE**

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT

A DELEGATION waited on Hardluck Billy Flett and his young wife Sara when the Indian couple had been a week in the Kyri Island fishing camp, the hopeless North Pacific drizzle sifting down most of that time and the salmon gone nobody knew where.

"We don't say you can help it, boy," the fishermen's spokesman addressed Billy, "but facts is facts and we might as well face them.

"It ain't just the lack of fish, either. The day you folks arrive here, the Gilland kids take sick, Wilf Reid cuts himself chopping wood, and me, I have a blow-up on my boat." The white man paused, his bandaged hands dangling. "Well," he said heavily, "we've took a vote. The feeling is that the luck won't mend while there's a Jonah among us, 'specially one with blood on his head. So——"

"So you want us to shove off,". Billy finished for him.

He spoke without heat; he and Sara had been run out of camps before. It made no difference that he had warned the greenhorn Gillands to boil their drinking water, or that Reid oughtn't to have been cutting firewood immediately after knocking back a half bottle of rum, or that no man not a fool will slop petrol into a tank with a lighted cigarette in his mouth.

It made no difference either that Sara was expecting. His reputation flitted with him from island to island of the British Columbia coast, making him a handy scapegoat for fools unwilling to carry the burden of their own shiftlessness.

Billy got up off his heels while his wife watched him with her soft brown eyes. He stood with their cooking fire between him and the delegation, a short, bandy-legged redskin in patched blue jeans. His oddly gentle face masked the sadness in his heart.

"How about the rain?" he said quietly. "Do I get blamed for that too?"

None of the half-dozen fishermen answered him. Boots shuffled uneasily on shingle; their spokesman said with a loud, false heartiness: "No hard feelings, eh, Billy?" Then they were straggling off toward the main camp, heads bent against the wet.

"Like a string of geese," Billy observed to his wife. They had every right to stay, and he doubted if the white men would have tried rough stuff. But it was a lot easier to move out than to argue, and he was used to running.

In ten minutes their gear was stowed beneath the tarpaulin in Billy's boat. Pulling out from Kyri Cove, Billy scowled over his wife's head. A sloppy camp, a stupid bunch. Getting rid of

Billy rushed Sara towards his boat as blood puddled round the fallen rancher's head

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**"Have you been putting blood on the wallpaper?"**

the jinx-man wouldn't change those fellows' luck.

Sara's soft voice reached through his bitter thoughts. "Where do we go now, Billy?"

"Santos Island, I guess." His wet face creased in a smile. "Have you there in a couple of hours, honey. Fix you all snug in the codders' shack—you know, down by the south point where the good spring water is."

He settled to his rowing, putting into his tone a cheer he didn't feel. "Tomorrow, I got a notion, we're going to find fish. If they come proper, Sara, why, we'll make us enough for the baby in a week. Another few weeks,. who knows? Maybe we'll have a down-payment on our motor-boat."

He had spoken so to her yesterday, and the day before that, and all through the weeks of a bitter-poor season. He wasn't fooling himself, or his wife; but Sara let it pass.

"Mr. Blaney won't like us putting in at Santos Island," she said. "You sure we should?"

"Sure I'm sure."

AROUND them the sea lay grey and gentle. North-west across the rain-dimpled surface, an easy distance away, the hump of Santos Island was just visible under skeins of mist. Jim Blaney didn't live on the island, visited it only to butcher a half-wild steer or two for liquor money.

"Old Blaney won't even know we've been there," Billy said. "And if he does turn up, I'll take care of him."

The words slipped out, stung from him by a remembered hurt, one of the truly deep humiliations of his life. *Sure*, Hardluck Billy Flett told himself, *you'll take care of him same way you took care of him last year when he came stamping in to bust up your honeymoon. Big talk from a weak belly, mister. If Blaney orders you off, you'll get, same as you did before.*

"Thinking it over," he muttered now, "maybe you're right. At a time like this it's better we don't take any chance of trouble. Suppose we pass up Santos and push on to Canim River? There'll be other women handy and it'll be an easy run to Cameron Bay Hospital."

"Stop fretting," Sara said to him gently. "I know you aren't scared of Blaney. And forget all that silly talk you just heard on Kyri about you being a bad-luck carrier."

He grinned at her, marvelling, as he so often did, that a girl like Sara—pretty, nice in her ways—should have given up a comfortable office job to share his wanderings. There his luck hadn't been bad but good, so good it more than made up for the rest.

Only it hadn't all been fool's talk, what the white man on Kyri said. It was on Billy's conscience, never having told Sara how, years back, he'd come to kill a man. Some time he would tell her, make her see why, with a thing like that to haunt him, he had to run from trouble instead of fight.

But not here in a sodden rowing-boat, on a day that would fit November better than August. Later, when the baby was born, when the luck swung, when they'd changed the rowing-boat for a thirty-foot troller, he'd get that sorry affair off his chest.

Suddenly a breeze struck up, fanning his cheek, setting the grey surface of the water prickling. Where the waters widened to the south-east, a wind line showed black and ominous. Billy rested on his oars, weighing and judging. Then, reluctantly, but with no word spoken, he pointed the boat for Santos, a mile distant. Sara was sea-wise; she didn't have to be told that, with such a wind rising, the open crossing to Canim River reserve was no trip for a small boat.

A motor-boat crawled between them and the Santos lee. Billy squinted at it over his shoulder, recognizing its distinctively ugly lines. Sara had identified it also.

"Father Jerome," she said, "in Mainàdieu." Then, wistfully: "I hope he stops at Santos, too. It'd be nice to have a chat with him."

"Sure would," Billy agreed. Privately, though, he wasn't sorry when the mission craft held her course. The way he felt today, he wasn't fussy about meeting any white man, not even the kind little priest who had married them.

They pulled inside the sheltering hook of the south point from a sea dangerously choppy. Jim Blaney's *No Trespassing* sign frowned down on them. Blaney's steers eyed them sullenly. The cod fishermen's shanty was gone, nothing left but a burned-out oil-drum stove and a rectangle of blackened debris.

SARA didn't move so easily these days. Billy helped her from the boat, then reached in for the Enfield he carried against fish-thieving hair-seals.

"No!" Sara spoke sharply. "Leave it there, Billy." He started to protest, but her voice cut across his. "You'd be no good to me and the baby in jail. Besides, even if Blaney happens to be here, he'll be across on the other side."

She patted his arm and Billy accepted her wisdom with a dubious grunt.

Together they rigged their shelter. They were gathering driftwood when Billy, glancing seaward, caught a black speck tossing its way toward the island.

"Looks like we're going to have company after all," he said. "Another boat heading in."

But Sara had turned from the hostile sea. She stood with her bundle of

sticks hugged close, peering inland. The cattle had turned and were staring, too.

"It's him," Sara said. "He's coming down."

She didn't need to tell Billy who. There could be only one other person on the island, the man whose unrelenting brutality had put his wife in an early grave and driven his sons from him while they were still no more than children. Some drunken impulse had set Blaney on the prowl, and he had spotted them.

Sara moved close. She took Billy's hand and they stood together while Blaney bulldozed his way out of the nettles, a shotgun under his arm. The big old rancher's voice came before him, bawling in rage. "Stinkin' Indians! Damn dirty thieves!"

Billy knew his own voice was a feeble croak. "We ain't doin' no harm, Mr. Blaney. The weather got so rough, we had to land——"

"Talk back to me, would you? Last time didn't learn you, eh?" Blaney moved closer, breathing whisky.

Billy shoved Sara behind him. His hand forced its way to the knife on his haunch. With a sound more animal than human, a relishing growl, Blaney shifted his shotgun, gripped it by the barrels and slung it behind him.

The gun skidded, clattering on driftlogs. Thunder slammed against Billy's eardrums, dazing and deafening him. Blaney still lurched toward him, fists knotted, but the rancher's face was blank and blind, and he was leaning, toppling, to sprawl his length on the shingle.

Billy heard his wife suck in her breath. She said softly: "Oh, Holy Mother!" and he caught and turned her, hurrying her down to their boat, not letting her look back at the man

WEALTH—I

The man who dies rich dies disgraced.

Andrew Carnegie

who lay with blood puddling around his head.

"Stay here," Billy ordered Sara. Step by dragging step he returned to their camp and to the horror tumbled before it.

Blaney was dead. No need to grope for pulse or heartbeat. At six-foot range the shot had struck in a solid mass, blasting the back out of the rancher's head.

Slowly, Billy rose from his knees. A voice hailed and he spun, panic constricting his throat. The other boat, the skiff he had glimpsed tossing offshore, had landed. A young yellow-haired fellow was stumbling toward him through the loose pebbles.

Billy ripped the tarpaulin shelter off its poles. He threw his gear into it, slung the bundle on his shoulder and ran for his boat. With a single heave, he launched it. He caught Sara up and swung her in.

Pulling strongly, he drove for the south point. Rounding it, the boat rolling and bucking in the welter, he saw through spray the yellow-haired man halted by Blaney's body. The man shouted after them, but the wind whipped his words away.

Sara was calling too, leaning toward him with eyes wide and frightened.

"Turn back, Billy! We must go back."

But he only shook his head, his mouth clamped hard. His boot hooked the bailing can from under the thwart. Sara took it and, kneeling, began to scoop water over the side. Out there in the channel, big seas smoked north in procession now, the south-easter herding them, but that threat was nothing to the terror behind.

There was a place he knew, a hidden and guarded spot where not even the Mounties could find them. There they'd be safe.

Billy continued to work the boat clear of the island, letting the slim fourteen-footer run with the wind and tide. Late afternoon found them pitching half a mile off the Canim River.

He held north in narrowing waters till an island interposed its bulk between them and the weather. A six-knot tide laid hold of them, hustled them into the funnel of a rapid where seaweed streamed from a complex of reefs which barred the pass against powered craft as effectively as a locked gate. But a rowing-boat could slip through.

In the very gut of the narrows, the water boiling and blistering around them, he drove his boat straight for the base of an outward-leaning bluff. Sara pressed both hands to her mouth, staring past her husband at disaster. But the rock face parted as if split by a giant fist. An isolated pinnacle ghosted astern and they were in a waterway no wider than a creek.

The current slid them round a hairpin bend. The tumult of the rapids dwindled abruptly into silence, and a lagoon opened before them, flat quicksilver under a clearing sky in which the first stars showed. Ahead was a beach strewn with clamshells and a line of totem poles. Beyond, dimly visible through crowding forest growth, they could see three roofless huts.

Not until they had landed and were lugging their gear up the beach, did Billy speak. "We're okay here, honey," he said. "Ain't nobody goin' to come hunting for us in here."

"But we don't need to hide." Sara was shivering in her soaked skirt and sweater. She looked tired and ill, and the tremble in her voice struck at Billy's heart. "What happened back there was an accident."

"You know it," Billy told her. "I know it, but who else? Who's going to believe us?"

"That man who came in, for one. He must have been pretty close when Blaney's gun went off. There's a good chance he saw what happened."

"Maybe so. Only we just can't take that chance." He couldn't bring himself to meet her gaze; could only guess how it would hit her, the thing he had put off telling her. "Look, honey, I killed a man once. Didn't mean to, didn't want to, Lord knows.

"Happened north in a timber camp when I was eighteen. There was a cook there who'd been hitting the bottle. He went clean off his head. He ran into the bunkhouse with a straight-edge razor in his fist. Cut two men before they could even roll off their beds.

"Me, I was in a corner by the stove, I couldn't get away. I flung a stick of firewood as he came for me. Meant to hit him in his chest, but he tripped and it caught him in his forehead and dropped him dead.

"So now, you see how it is. If I hunt up the Mounties, they're going to say straight off, a man don't get shot from behind by accident. Then they'll figure, 'This Indian, this Hard-luck Billy Flett, he killed a man once. It'd come easy, killing a second.'"

His wife continued to gaze at him, a sadness on her smooth, oval face. "I knew about that timber camp trouble," she said to him calmly. "Father Jerome told me when I went to him before we got married.

"He told me what the coroner said, too, Billy, about how; if you hadn't thrown that stick, four men might have died instead of one. The police believed you that time. They will now. But not if we hide out like this——"

"No!" The word exploded from him, a cry of pain. He seized his axe and lunged away into the woods.

"I ain't going back," Billy muttered to the weeping forest. "Not ever!"

• • •

Reviewed in the light of a clear grey dawn, yesterday's happening seemed like a bad dream from which he had freed himself. Billy whistled while he launched his boat. Fishing was good here. With fish in the lagoon, salt in the rock pools and berries and roots for the taking, a couple could make out well enough.

There was the baby, of course—and when he thought about that, some of the good feeling left


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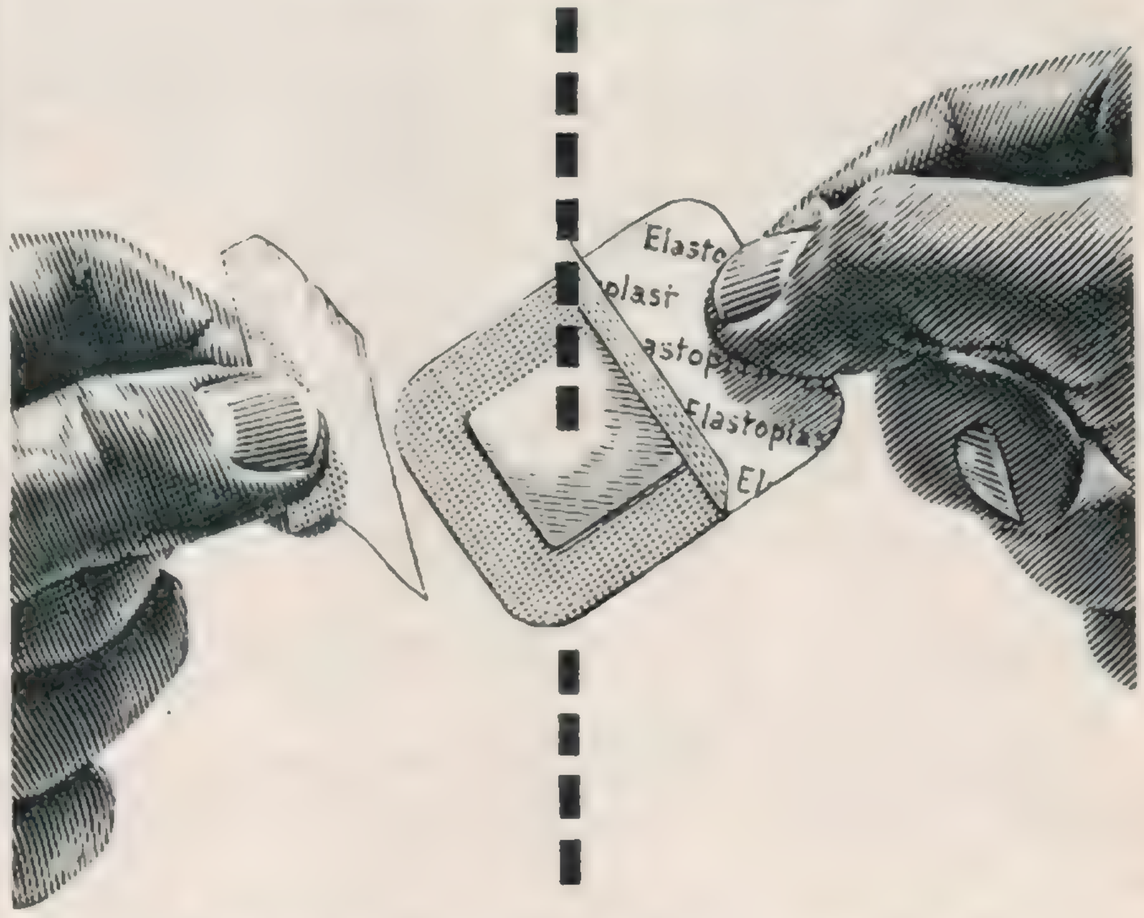


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him. *Still*, he told himself, *when you get right down to it, Sara won't be the first to have her baby out of hospital, alone.*

When he returned several hours later, his boat well ballasted with salmon and cod, Billy scanned the foreshore looking for Sara. But the camp area seemed deserted.

He found Sara where he had left her, huddled under her blankets. The smile she gave him was a mere twitching of her lips. Perspiration shone on her forehead.

"I guess yesterday hurried things on a bit . . . the cold and rough water and all, Billy, I want you to go to the police. Tell them what happened on Santos, tell the truth. . . ." Her voice trailed off as pain wrenched her.

She was his wife, the only really good thing in his life, and she needed help now, a help he couldn't give her. With the sense of a trap closing round him, Billy wrapped her in the blankets and toiled across the flats to the boat.

The tide had brisked the lagoon entrance to a swift little river. He skirted the leaning cliffs and drove out to the rapids, threading a course among reefs till the current kicked him through to open water.

A quarter-mile distant the familiar hull of a thirty-footer plodded along the sound. Billy hailed it and a bearded face poked from Mainàdieu's wheelhouse. Father Jerome waved him a greeting. . . .

THE mission vessel's asthmatic engine chunked steadily, wafting its stench of hot oil into the wheelhouse.

"I've taken you off course," Billy Flett said apologetically to Father Jerome at the wheel.

The priest shook his head. "Not so, my son. It happens I was bound for Cameron Bay on a less happy errand. One of my parishioners"—Father Jerome's voice hinted a mild reproof—"another whom I haven't seen for too long a time, has sent for me. He's in very grave trouble."

"Police trouble?" Billy put the question more from politeness than interest. His thoughts were all for Sara, resting easy below.

The priest nodded. Dead ahead, bait fish were skipping and skittering. A rustling came to their ears as if the sea were alive and whispering. The big salmon from the north were coming down at last.

"A heavy run," Father Jerome observed. He turned his head, blue eyes youthful above his grey-streaked beard. "But it won't benefit Peter Gosse, I fear."

"Who's he, Father?"

"The young man the Mounties are holding at Cameron Bay. He was brought from Santos Island last night by a tugboat crew who put in to wait for weather. They found him about to leave the island, and Jim Blaney shot dead on the beach."

Father Jerome continued to study the bait shoals and the voracious horde that harried them, while Billy's heart seemed to skip and stumble in his chest.

"He had Blaney's wallet in his pocket," Father Jerome said. "I expect when the patrol vessel returns from Santos, they'll charge him with murder."

*I don't have to tell.* The thought struck Billy instantly. *They aren't after us, we don't need to be afraid.* Relief coursed through him, sapping his legs. He kept his tone casual.

"This Gosse fella. What's he say about it?"

"Well, he insists that Blaney shot himself. That Blaney dropped his gun while driving trespassers off the island. That, when he found Blaney was past help, he took the wallet." Father Jerome sighed. "He's an immigrant boy without friends or family. He was starving."

"Tough," Billy muttered. Then, cautiously: "You think he was telling the truth?"

"He could be," Father Jerome replied. "But without witnesses, and against such damaging evidence, his chances are poor."

"Think he'll hang, Father?"

"He very well may," the priest said.

The buildings of Cameron Bay showed plain now, especially the hospital on the hill.

This white boy, Peter Gosse, they owed him nothing. Hardluck Billy told himself. If he blundered into a murder charge it was his look-out, not theirs. With the baby born, they'd soon put that business out of mind. Get on with their plans, work to win themselves a decent life.

Billy took himself below. His wife lay with eyes open.

"Doing okay, honey?"

Sara's head stirred in a nod.

"I heard what the father said, Billy. The whole of it. If that boy hangs because we kept back the truth, what will we do?"

He stood braced to Mainàdieu's rolling, staring down, while his wife's words echoed with Father Jerome's in his head. It was hard to be a man—deathly hard, sometimes. But you can't run from death, or life, or from yourself.

The rolling eased. They were drawing into the lee of land. Billy Flett touched his wife's cheek once, lightly, then clambered back to the wheelhouse.

"When we get in, Father," he said to the mission priest, "will you see her to hospital? Me, I got business uptown. . . ."

IT was deep evening when a nurse brought him to the ward where Sara lay. The baby was taking its own sweet time; might be hours yet, the matron had told him.

"I been to the Mounties, Sara."

She didn't look anxious any more, but placid and far away.

She said: "I knew you'd go."

"I talked with the sergeant, told him everything, just the way it happened."

"And he believed you, Billy?"

"Looks like it. Sergeant says unless the evidence they turn up on the island goes against what me and Peter Gosse told him, I can light out after the inquest."

"I'm glad," Sara murmured, from the remote place she had taken herself into. "I'm awful glad."

Billy left her, walking lightly, as if a weight had been lifted from him. In a few days those big coho salmon would hit the Kyri Island feeding grounds on their run south, linger for a last feeding spree. And he was pretty sure the fishermen at Kyri would change their tune when he showed up with plenty of fish for company.

Already he could see himself coming back for Sara and the child, money in his pocket, perhaps even with his own motor-boat. The picture set him whistling.

He was going to be a busy man, mighty busy. He wouldn't have any time to spare for worrying about a trifling thing like luck. THE END

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## Challenge the Famous

# PERCY EDWARDS

(bird and animal imitator) answered six questions on BIRDS. Pit your wits against his and try to beat his points score.

(Answers on page 31)

**1** *Why do sleeping birds never topple from their perches?*

Their feet lock round the perch. Tendons in their legs automatically cause their toes to curl round it as they alight.

**2** *How many times a minute does a sparrow flap its wings?*

I should say 120 times.

**3** *Roughly how fast has the fastest bird been known to fly?*

I think the swift is the fastest bird, and I believe that it can fly at about two hundred miles an hour.

**4** *In general, female birds have less colourful plumage than males of the same species. Why is this?*

For camouflage—the female is coloured to match her surroundings when she is sitting on her nest.

**5** *Can you say which are the most abundant birds in Britain?*

Blackbirds and chaffinches.

**6** *We often hear the expression "as dead as a dodo." About how long has the dodo been dead?*

I'll have to guess. I should say it was last known in 1680.

## My plan for peace in industry

*Continued from page 12*

reasonable theory that nervous tension ruins concentration and lowers production. So he spent a large sum of money on comfortable canvas beds on which his men could relax when they felt tired. Unfortunately he failed to make them understand the purpose of the beds. They thought the idea a huge joke and after a week or two the beds had to be taken away.

Another firm almost made the same kind of mistake. It set aside a large sum for "welfare" and decided to spend it on a sports field. A personnel adviser in my department who heard about it asked: "But do they *want* a sports field?" Sheepishly, the manager admitted he didn't know. At the suggestion of the adviser, he called a meeting of the workpeople to find out.

It was soon obvious that those who wanted to play games already belonged to local clubs. The rest were not interested. The manager then asked them how they would like the money to be spent. Within minutes they agreed that it should be invested in a sick fund.

Now both these firms would have saved themselves a great deal of trouble if they had had a works council. Today works councils—consisting of representatives of both management and workers — regularly discuss such problems of common interest as new processes, or improvements in production, quality, working conditions, accident prevention, and many others.

Of course, no man can be expected to feel confidence in the management unless he finds satisfaction in his work. But he can only do this if he is in the right job. It constantly surprises me how many firms still select men and promote them on a haphazard basis. In one factory, the National Institute of Industrial Psychology found that six out of every ten foremen were not really suited to the job which they were doing.

One firm could not understand why its girls kept leaving. Pay, holidays and canteens were well above average. As a last resort it called in a consultant who questioned every member of the staff.

He found a simple answer. The girls were often asked to work overtime at short notice. This made it difficult for them to keep dates with boy friends. Rather than risk losing their boy friends, they changed their jobs. As soon as the management started to give advance notice of overtime, the labour turnover dropped by half.

The worker's worst fear is still unemployment. A firm can often avoid the necessity of laying off men by planning ahead. If it takes on too many men during good times, it may have to sack them during a recession when they have a poor chance of finding a job. If it avoids carrying passengers, it may well be able to ride out a minor recession without sacking anybody. The worker knows this and feels happier.

As I have tried to show, it pays a management to take the workers into its confidence. Usually this is difficult to prove because changes in prices and markets may be held to account for the increased prosperity which often follows the introduction of a new attitude. But in one case markets and prices held steady.

It started when an employer walked into an employment exchange and angrily demanded to see the manager. "I can't get any juveniles," he said. "You never send me any. You're holding up my production."

The manager was surprised. In that particular area there were more workers than jobs and in the last few months he had sent a constant stream of young people to this very firm. But they never stayed. And from the hints they dropped when they came back, he thought he knew why.

Until recently the firm had been run by the founder, a tough old martinet who called all his men by their Christian names. When he died the link was broken and the new management had never been able to re-establish contact. The men no longer felt a responsibility for their work. They were unhappy. They had lost confidence in the management.

Tactfully, the manager of the employment exchange suggested that the employer should apply some of the ideas which I have just mentioned. As an experiment, he started a training scheme for his young workers. Within six months they had stopped leaving.

Impressed, he went on to organize a works committee and made sure that everyone knew what was happening in the works. Most important of all, his own attitude changed. Once he had confidence in his men he began to look on them not as servants but as partners.

Two years later he was talking over his experience with the manager of the employment exchange. "You know," he said, "it's also made all the difference to our balance sheet."

To a business man, that's the most important argument of all. THE END

William Joyce—Lord Haw-Haw—got a passport by fraud. It proved to be his death warrant

## The famous cases of SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS · 3

by W. E. ARMSTRONG

# A scrap of paper convicts Lord Haw-Haw

**Clearly he was a traitor. But could Shawcross prove it? He had to rely on one fact—or Joyce went free**

ON an evening in early summer when the war in Europe had just ended, two British officers were walking in the woods near Flensburg, on the German side of the Danish frontier, looking for wood with which to light a fire.

In the course of their search they came on a small, shabby man lurking under the trees. After watching the officers for some time he hailed them in French, telling them where they could find dry branches. They took scant notice of him till he spoke again, this time in English. Then they reacted immediately, for they thought they heard what was, not excluding Churchill's, the most famous voice in Britain.

As they challenged him the little man moved his hand towards a pocket and one of the officers, whose name was Lieutenant Perry, thinking he was reaching for a weapon, shot him in the leg. He fell to the ground, crying: "My name is Fritz Hansen."

It is impossible to resist the thought that if Perry had aimed a little higher much disquietude, legal pother and public money would have been saved. For, on searching the little man, the officers found two documents. One was a German civil pass made out to Hansen. The other was a German military passport in the name of William Joyce.

It was May 28, 1945. Two months later, after the fall of Winston Churchill's National Government, Hartley Shawcross was offered and accepted the post of Attorney-General in the newly elected Labour administration.

The post of senior law officer to the Crown is seldom a sinecure. But, great worker though he is, Shawcross could scarcely have relished the small haystack of briefs which awaited him when he first entered the office of the Attorney-General in the Royal Courts of Justice.

The main brief, of course, was that entrusted to the British team for the prosecution of the Nazi war criminals at Nuremberg's International Tribunal, due to open in November. Although Sir Hartley was to address the tribunal only occasionally, and particularly for the opening and closing of the British case, he had nevertheless to master the mass of documentary evidence, read deeply in prewar Nazi literature and propaganda, find and correlate the apposite clauses in the canon of international law, choose and instruct the six members of the British team and generally so acquaint himself with the voluminous brief as if he were to be present at every sitting of the court.

He had, in addition, his regular attendance at the House of Commons, and his normal—and at this period very onerous—duties as first legal adviser to the government. It was, therefore, with dismay, one morning in July, that he saw on his table the papers of what was to be the first prosecution of its kind since the indictment of Sir Roger Casement for high treason during the first World War.

The Attorney-General, clearly, cannot handle every case that comes before him. There are some, however, with which he has to deal personally. Treason, because it involves constitutional considerations, is such a case; and Sir Hartley Shawcross saw at once that, in spite of the heavy pressure of work, it was his duty to prepare and argue the case against William Joyce, or "Lord Haw-Haw" as he was derisively nicknamed.

It was not going to be easy. "The prosecution of Joyce," Sir Hartley said later, "was a very complicated one. It was unique in its way, and the framing of the charges gave me more anxious thought than any case I have handled. As Attorney-General I could and did consult my colleagues, both legal and political. The final decision to prosecute Joyce was solely my own. And I stand by it."

Hartley Shawcross believed at the time, and still believes, that the prosecution and its consequences were morally, legally and ethically right, though he admits that not everyone was of his opinion.

On what grounds was the decision taken? There are many varieties of treason known to

Baillie-Stewart (left) broadcast for the Nazis—but was found not guilty of treason

John Amery after his capture. He caused a sensation at his trial by pleading guilty

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the British law, all of which threaten the security of the State, and all of which are punishable by death. But to be put in peril of his life for threatening the security of the State, it is self-evident, in this context, that the person accused must "owe allegiance" to that State.

In other words, if the charge of treason was to be supported against Joyce, he had to be a British subject at the time that the treason was said to be committed.

Now that, as Hartley Shawcross soon became aware when he went through the papers, Joyce might very well not have been.

Joyce was born in Brooklyn, U.S.A., of Irish parents who had become naturalized American citizens years before his birth. Subsequently, the family came to Ireland and later to England. For reasons that remained mysterious, the Joyce family saw fit to pass themselves off as British from the moment of arrival in Europe. But, so far as Hartley Shawcross could discover, neither his parents nor William Joyce had ever legally assumed British citizenship. So it was that William, when he acquired a British passport, obtained it by making a false declaration as to his nationality. It was on a renewal of that passport that he left England in 1939, with his wife, a few days before the declaration of war, and went to Germany.

WHAT did Joyce do when he joined the Nazis? The millions of people who heard his gravelly voice exulting as the bombs tore our cities and the convoys went down, imagined him simply as a broadcaster. But he was something more than that, though probably something less than he thought he deserved to be.

On September 18, a fortnight after war began, he joined the English section of the Rundfunk—the German radio.

Joyce started broadcasting almost immediately. His voice was at once recognized by people who had known him in Britain, and his talks were monitored by the B.B.C.

Then, in September or October he made a broadcast which was to have very important consequences for him later. This was a talk in which he told Britain that Dover and Folkestone had been destroyed by bombing — long before any bombs had fallen on the British mainland. The broadcast was heard and recognized as coming from Joyce by a detective-inspector of the Special Branch at Scotland Yard who, five years afterwards, was one of the main witnesses at Joyce's trial.

Apart from broadcasting and translating scripts — he spoke German fluently—Joyce was given the job of recruiting English-speaking announcers from among the many British internees and of training the various traitors he found already installed in the Rundfunk when he joined it.

These made up a very peculiar crowd. Prominent among them was the ex-officer of a Highland regiment, Norman Baillie-Stewart, who was tried at the Old Bailey in 1933 and given five years' penal servitude for having tried to sell military secrets to the Germans.

Baillie-Stewart knew what he was doing in the Rundfunk, which was more than could be said for an elderly spinster from South Kensington. Although this lady had founded, before the war, an organization called the Imperial Fascist League and had come to Germany voluntarily, she seemed to be in some doubt as to where her loyalties lay. Her flat in Berlin was decorated with photographs of the King and Queen with the Princesses, but she was also very proud of the fact —for which, presumably, only she could vouch—that she had in her youth contracted a secret marriage with Adolf Hitler.

There were, in addition, several authentic traitors more or less in full possession of their senses. One was a colonel (but of the Salvation Army) who was piously adhering to the King's enemies for the improbable reason that he believed the Fuehrer's personal purity would purge a lustful world of sin.

Joyce, who took treachery seriously, must have found the company of these crackpots most uncongenial. However, he got on with the job.

Broadcasting, touring the camps and instructing traitor recruits made up a full working day for him, yet he found time to write a book.

It was called *Twilight Over England* and was naturally a description of Britain's decadence through enslavement to international Jewry and an account of the unpleasant things that would happen when the Nazis invaded these islands. A revealing and prophetic passage makes one think that perhaps Lord Haw-Haw was not quite happy about the future of treachery. "When, however," wrote Joyce in the preface, "the writer is a daily perpetrator of high treason, his introductory remarks may command from the English public that kind of awful veneration with which £5,000-confessions are perused in the Sunday newspapers, quite frequently after the narrator has taken his last leap in the dark."

Another of Joyce's chores was his work with the futile "New Broadcasting Station." This pretended to be a clandestine sender situated in Britain and operated by enemy sympathizers within our gates. For its broadcasts, which would have scarcely hoodwinked a child of five, Joyce had to contrive scripts purporting to come from such varying social grades as a cockney coster and an Irish priest. It must have been hard going.

THERE is evidence, as the war took its course, that the attitude of his masters changed towards Joyce. Their initial respect for him as a valuable asset changed slowly to a tolerant contempt, and the Cross of War Merit awarded him by Hitler in 1944 smells very much as if it was contrived by his friends in the Rundfunk under the "Old Pals Act."

He still did his stint of broadcasting from Berlin, Eupen, Hamburg and elsewhere, but the scripts must have been progressively harder to write. For some galling things were happening which, on several nights a week, he was bound to try and explain away.

Britain still held; worse, she was hitting back. And it had needed no more than a journalist's nickname to turn Joyce and his predictions of doom for Britain into a laughing stock.

It is interesting, in this context, to note that the only—and very temporary—harm which his broadcasts were supposed to have done in this country had nothing to do with Joyce. There were people who found it disturbing to be told that Lord Haw-Haw had accurately proclaimed over the air that the clock in such and such a village had stopped, or that there had been a gas mains burst in East Grinstead. The man, such people thought, must know something.

None of these gossip items appears in the official, monitored transcripts of Joyce's broadcasts. Their dissemination was the result of a whispering campaign organized over here by Nazi sympathizers.

But what must have been even more distressing for Joyce than the sullen attitude of his employers, was the arrival at the end of 1942 of an elegant young Englishman named John Amery.

Amery was convicted of high treason after—but was hanged before—William Joyce, and his prosecution was also prepared by Sir Hartley Shawcross. And there the resemblance between them ends. Joyce was a small-time demagogue and rowdy, well known to the London police. John Amery was hare-brained and dissipated, but he was the son of a distinguished English statesman, went to the "right" sort of school and had mixed with the sons of some of the highest in the land.

Joyce was a professional traitor and, since he worked very hard at it, a conscientious one. Amery was a bungling amateur in everything he did.

Yet Amery had hardly arrived in Berlin when he became the darling of the Rundfunk. Far from living, like Joyce, in a suburban flat, he was given

## Challenge the Famous

IN his answers to the six questions on birds on page 28, Percy Edwards scored four points. He answered Question 1 correctly but his guess at Question 2 was wrong. In ordinary flight a sparrow flaps its wings thirteen times per second—780 strokes per minute. A humming bird beats its wings 3,300 times a minute hovering, 4,200 times when flying, and a stork about 120 times.

He was also wrong over Question 3. Swifts are believed to have reached 110 m.p.h., but the highest reliable recorded speed is an average of 93.55 m.p.h. by a racing pigeon helped by a gale over an eighty-mile course. Normally a pigeon flies at 40-45 m.p.h. Edwards answered Question 4 correctly. When both the cock and hen are brightly coloured, as in the case of the kingfisher, the eggs are usually hidden from view in a hole.

Edwards's answer to Question 5 was correct and his guess at Question 6 was excellent. The dodo was last seen alive in 1681—an ungainly bird, the size of a small turkey, with a hooked bill and wings useless for flight.

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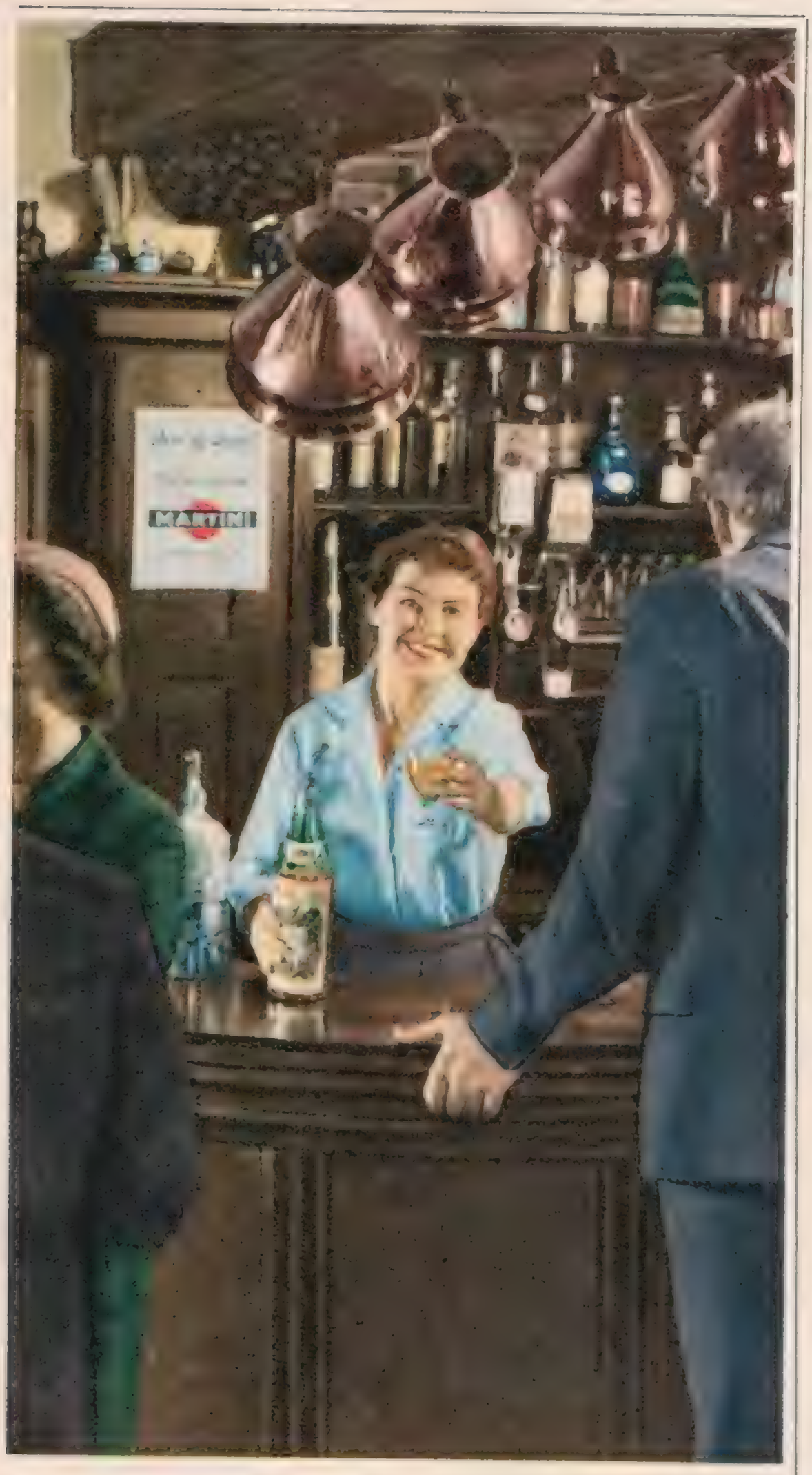


# 'So many people are saying Martini!'

'I've noticed it more and more, lately. People used to take ages making up their minds . . . *Now* they say Martini. Then I give them my special smile, like I did to you Sir, and I say "Sweet or dry? With gin or without?" and *they* say "Just by itself!"—just like you did. It's mostly the good-looking quiet ones, Sir.'

MARTINI

32


a suite in the Kaiserhof Hotel, accorded a considerable expense account, photographed as if he were a film star and built up as the central figure of Dr. Goebbels's foreign propaganda circus.

But how had this odd bird got among the Nazi eagles? John Amery left Britain when he was twenty-four, in 1936, bankrupt for £5,000 and in a cloud of debt. Since leaving school he had tried his hand at almost everything—but mainly film making—and burned his fingers and his parents' bank balance on every occasion.

The Spanish Civil War had just started, so he made his way to Spain, where he immediately got himself a job as a gun-runner between the French Fascists and their Franquist counterparts. Being fairly successful as a gun-runner, he was given, in his official capacity as a smuggler, something which turned out to be of baleful importance to him afterwards.

This was a *laissez-passer* from the Spanish authorities, a pass which allowed him to go back and forth from Spain into France at will. It was in no way a certificate of Spanish naturalization and had no legal significance. Amery, to his cost, might have believed that it had.

After the fall and occupation of France, Amery gave his full-time services to the French Fascist leaders, Doriot and Déat. And finally the call came to go to Berlin, where he helped

WEALTH—2

That man is richest whose pleasures are the cheapest.

H. D. Thoreau

with the Germans' anti-Bolshevik campaign, the smoke screen they were putting up to bemuse the allies and behind which they hoped to conduct secret negotiations with Russia.

Amery's contribution was a brilliant idea for recruiting allied prisoners of war into a force to fight side by side with the Nazis on the eastern front. He called it, grandiloquently, the Legion of St. George. There were tens of thousands of prisoners in Germany; Amery managed to corrupt about thirty. Perhaps his method, which was to go round the camps in an expensive motor-car accompanied by a shapely young woman, was not the best conceivable.

When the Nazis came to a full stop in their secret bargaining with the U.S.S.R., Amery's life was not so pleasant. The Germans then began to use him for a very different purpose. They sent him round the occupied countries, but not to solicit treason. He was on show to demonstrate, by his traitorous presence and his feckless way of life, the decadence of the English ruling class.

In the end he even outran his use in that field and was packed off to Italy to join the entourage of the bewildered Mussolini, whose kidnapping by German commandos had just taken place. It was in Italy, as the war ended, that Amery was captured by partisans and handed over to British Military Intelligence.

Almost simultaneously, William Joyce made his last broadcast from Hamburg and, with his wife, went on the run into the north German woods.

Such, in outline, were the accounts of how Joyce and Amery conducted themselves during the war on which Sir Hartley Shawcross had—if he could—to frame an indictment for treason against the two men.

The thirty-year-old case of Sir Roger Casement had proved that a person could commit high treason outside the King's dominions. But Casement was a British subject, whereas Joyce, as Sir Hartley discovered once and for all when he went through the brief, was not. There could be no doubt at all that he was an American.

The question now was, could a British court try an alien for a crime committed abroad? At this point Sir Hartley picked up and examined an undistinguished piece of paper. It was a "Form (D). Renewal of Passport," filled in and signed by Joyce and dated August 24, 1939.

Shawcross did not possess the original passport, but the existence of this form was proof that it had been issued. He saw that the validity of the renewal expired on July 1, 1940, and he remembered that it could be proved that Joyce had broadcast to this country well before that date.

After weighing these two facts against each other and thinking deeply on the legal significance—which was far from being well established—of passports in general, he drew paper towards him and in his cramped, curiously Chinese-looking writing, made a series of tentative notes. They were to be later tidied up into legal uniform, by his experts but they formed the substance of the indictment which brought William Joyce into the dock of No. 1 Court at the Old Bailey on Monday, September 17, 1945, before Mr. Justice Tucker and a jury.

Mr. G. O. Slade—now Mr. Justice Slade—led the late Derek Curtis-Bennett and James Burge for the defence. The Attorney-General was assisted by Mr. L. A. Byrne and Mr. Gerald Howard.

It was the first time Hartley Shawcross—by this time Sir Hartley, since his knighthood a month before—had appeared as leader in the famous No. 1 Court, which is to the legal profession rather what Lord's is to cricketers or St. Andrews to golfers. The old place was still wearing battledress. Its huge glass dome, splintered by bombing,

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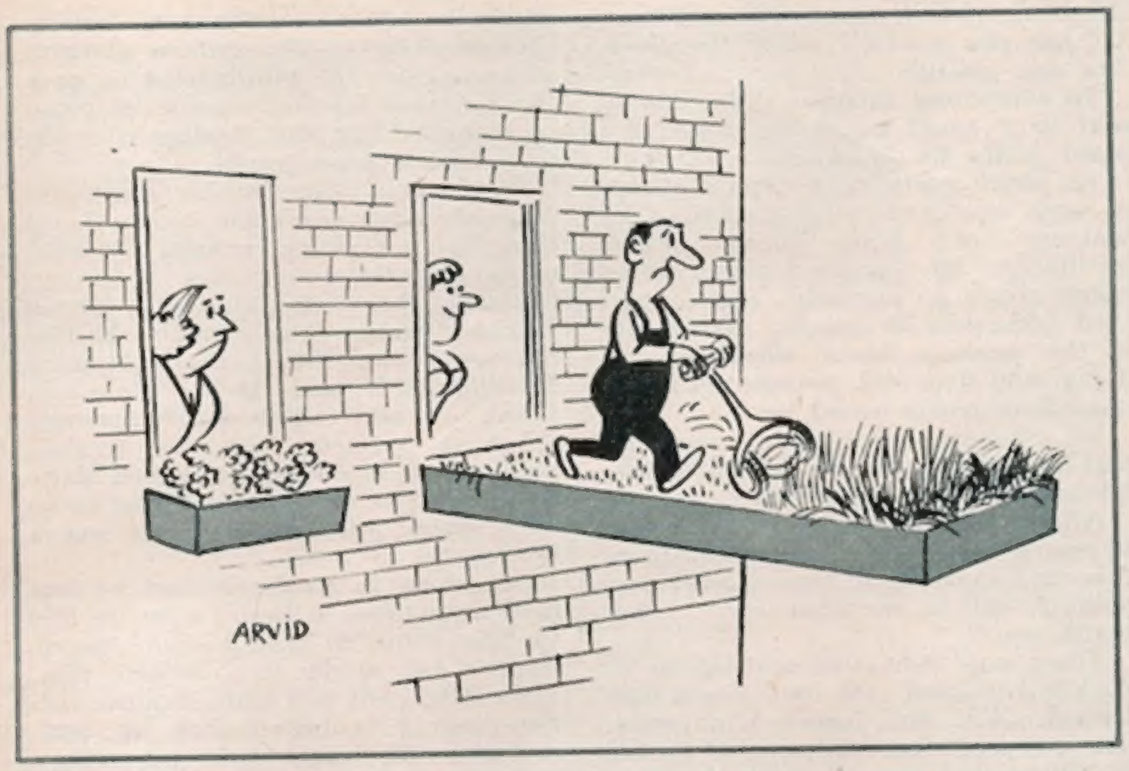
The morning light says "This Is You"
And "I'm your light"
"I'm born for you"
The morning light is a strong wild light
And it shouts "The World's for You."

The noonday light says "I'm too bright"
"I coruscate I intoxicate"
"I drive you mad I make you great"
The noonday light is all too bright
For all but a sovereign few.

The evening light says "Sad Oh Sad"
"I hate to leave you"
"Hate to grieve you"
The evening light says "Time for Bed"
"For me: for You."

## A Light Song

by EWART MILNE




was boarded up, so that the room was lit for the duration of the trial by electric light.

Sir Hartley, in common with everyone else who had never seen him, was astonished by the appearance of Joyce. The potently sneering voice which had amused, frightened or maddened people for five years suggested a brash and emphatic physical presence, a kind of cross between a muscular don and a bookmaker. Instead, Sir Hartley saw an almost diminutive man, so ill proportioned as nearly to be deformed. A long neck which grew from narrow, sloping shoulders supported a head of wildly anarchic features, where nothing seemed in scale to anything else. Two things gave it personality: the furrowed scar which ran down from the right ear to the corner of the pinched little mouth, and the eyes—dark blue, small and as shinily hard as cough drops.

The Attorney-General's opening was a model of lucidity, but its content had not been easy to prepare. The indictment against Joyce contained three counts. The first charged that, being a person owing allegiance to our lord the King, he adhered to the King's enemies elsewhere than in the King's realm by broadcasting between September 18, 1939, and May 29, 1945.

The second charged that, owing the same allegiance, he became a naturalized German citizen. The third count was formally the same as the first, but there was a significant difference in one date. On the third count the charge was that, owing allegiance to our lord the King, Joyce had broadcast between September 18, 1939, and July 2, 1940—the day after his British passport expired.

Sir Hartley, after revealing the facts of Joyce's life and tracing the events that led him to Germany, told the jury that if, after hearing all the evidence, they were satisfied that Joyce was a British subject it was open to them to convict him on counts one and two. But the Attorney-General was fairly sure that they would come to no such conclusion. He added, therefore, in what was the most important passage in the speech, that even if the jury found that Joyce was not a British subject, he would invite them to convict him on count three.

They could do this, he said, if they decided that Joyce, even if not of British nationality, was yet under the protection of the Crown and owed it allegiance simply by virtue of possessing a British passport.

The first two days of the trial were occupied by submissions of prosecution and defence on counts one and two. Late on the second day, Mr. Justice Tucker, after considering the submissions, gave the judgment Sir Hartley had always anticipated.

The Judge: "Mr. Attorney, perhaps you would assist me now by saying whether . . . you are going to invite the jury to come to the conclusion that this man was a British subject or not."

The Attorney-General: "No, my lord. I indicated as far as I properly could in opening that I was not going to press that point, and I certainly do not consider it my duty to invite them to do so."

The Judge: "Very well, Mr. Attorney. I think that everyone will agree that the evidence which has been tendered is really overwhelming. . . ."

After this it was obvious that Joyce had nothing to fear on the first two counts. There were, indeed, many experienced people in court who felt that he had nothing to fear at all.

There remained the third count, which raised a question to which there seemed to be no legal and established answer. This was the point, in fact, which made the Joyce case "one of the most troublesome" that Sir Hartley had ever conducted. The question was: What is a passport? And, more particularly, did its possession, even if fraudently obtained, bind its owner, though an alien, to allegiance to the issuing power?

Yes, said Sir Hartley. The Attorney-General submitted that a passport, however obtained, gave its possessor

WEALTH—3

Riches are chiefly good because they give us time.

Charles Lamb

*protection*, and that such protection implied allegiance. By obtaining a British passport Joyce had "enveloped himself in the Union Jack" and put himself under the protection of the Crown and thus undertook, and owed, the duty of allegiance so long as the passport was valid.

But no, insisted Mr. Slade. The protection which brought with it the duty of allegiance was the protection of *the law* and could only be demanded where British law was in force. Joyce in Germany was by definition outside the jurisdiction of British law. He had therefore no protection and, *a fortiori*, owed no allegiance.

These two submissions were substantially the cases for the prosecution and the defence respectively. But both Sir Hartley and Mr. Slade, aided by the judge, supported them with a wealth of recondite references on precedents and authorities and even, sometimes, by appeals to plain common sense.

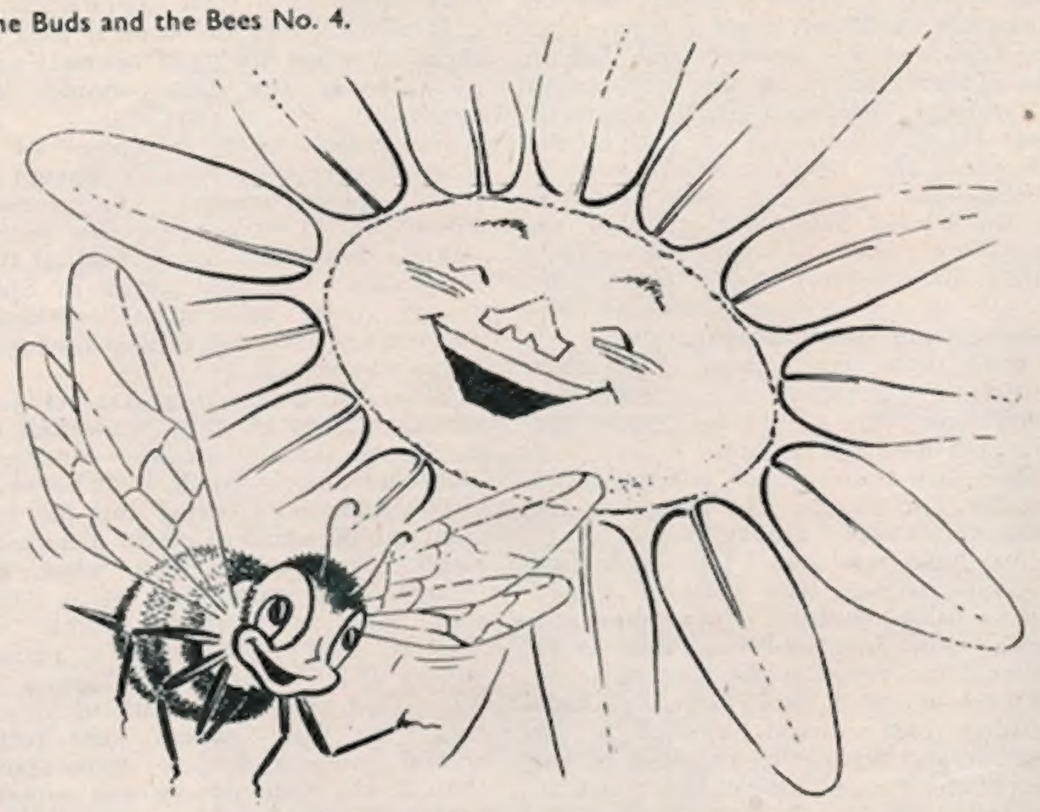
How, asked Mr. Slade at one point, could his passport afford Joyce protection if it had been obtained by fraud?

Obviously, the Attorney-General riposted, it would afford protection until the fraud was discovered.

On the third day, after Mr. Justice Tucker had heard the final submissions from prosecution and defence on the only count that now mattered, the third, he announced that he would give his ruling after an adjournment. What, in fact, the judge did during the adjournment was to make new law. When the court reassembled at 2 p.m., Mr. Justice Tucker said:

"Mr. Attorney and Mr. Slade, I shall direct the jury on Count Three that on

The Buds and the Bees No. 4.



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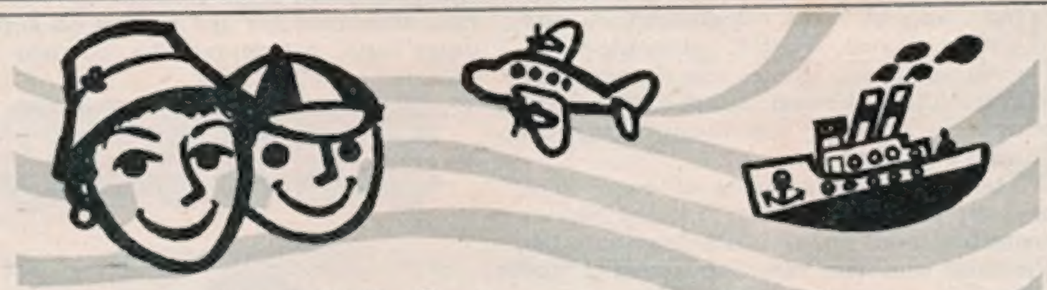

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August 24, 1939, when the passport was applied for, the prisoner, beyond a shadow of doubt, owed allegiance to the Crown of this country, and that on the evidence given, if the jury accept it, nothing happened at the material time thereafter to put an end to the allegiance that he then owed."

Since the "material time" referred to the period between September 18, 1939, and July 2, 1940, the judge's ruling meant that Joyce owed allegiance to the Crown when he was broadcasting enemy propaganda.

With those words from Mr. Justice Tucker it was patent to everyone that Lord Haw-Haw would be condemned to death for high treason.

The jury found Joyce not guilty on the first two counts. The answer to the third count was "Guilty."

The judge now asked Joyce if he had anything to say why sentence should not be passed on him. Joyce shook his head. And his head was high as he listened carefully to the sentence. At its end he gave once more his little military bow, waved jauntily to his brother and friends in the well of the court and tripped down the stairs to his cell.

"It was," someone said who saw it, "just like a comedian going off to the wings after a big ovation."

Joyce's appeal against conviction was heard in the Court of Criminal Appeal on November 1, and was dismissed. No further appeal could be heard unless by fiat, or certificate, from the Attorney-General. This fact put Sir Hartley in an exceptional position.

The ruling that the right of appeal to the House of Lords is vested in the Attorney-General, and not in the courts, has often come in for criticism. It is felt that in cases where the Attorney-General has prosecuted—as Sir Hartley had in the Joyce case—this privilege is somewhat like letting a man be judge in his own cause.

Sir Hartley had no doubts whatever. "The conviction of Joyce involved a point of law of exceptional public interest," he said afterwards, "and I gave my certificate at once."

THE appeal was dismissed — one judge, Lord Porter, dissented—in December, and Joyce was hanged at Wandsworth Prison, not far from where Sir Hartley was brought up, on January 3, 1946.

The last three months of 1945 were as busy a period as Sir Hartley Shawcross had ever spent. Alternating with the trial and the two appeals of Joyce were his visits to Paris, Nuremberg, Berlin and other places on the Continent. On October 6, with the other chief prosecutors, he signed the indictment for the Nuremberg Tribunal in Berlin. On November 20 he made his great opening speech for the British delegation at Nuremberg, and a week later, after a heavy session at the House of Commons, he was present at the Central Criminal Court to present the case against John Amery.

The Attorney-General, who had studied the brief simultaneously with Joyce's, expected the trial to last at least four days. In the event, it was over in exactly eight minutes. But though of such short duration, it was a very peculiar trial indeed, and there is still a touch of mystery about it. It was painful for everybody, and especially so for the Attorney-General, because the father of the accused was a man he much admired and a fellow Member of Parliament.

Sir Hartley Shawcross had almost as much difficulty with the papers in the case of John Amery as with those concerning Joyce. But whereas the difficulties in Joyce's case were legal, those for the prosecution of Amery were practical. Amery, there is little doubt, might have believed that his *laissez-passer* was a certificate of naturalization.

His defence was to be based on the submission that he could not be guilty of treason, having become the citizen of a neutral state—Spain—before he began his broadcasts. Spain is not the ideal country in which to track down documents, and Amery's case had to be postponed more than once while the defence fished about in Spanish ministries and town halls searching for an authentic document that would save their client's life.

It seemed very much as if they had found it when the trial opened—or at least when the trial should have opened.

Everyone was in his place at ten o'clock; everyone, that is, except the judge, jury, counsel and accused. These did not appear till seventy minutes later; and since criminal trials in Britain, like bull fights in Spain, always start on time, experienced amateurs of the law realized that something was wrong.

What had gone wrong was being discussed by Sir Hartley Shawcross and the leader for the defence—Mr. G. O. Slade once more—in the cells below.

The Attorney-General and his team from the department of the Director of Public Prosecutions had what they thought was proof that John Amery was never a Spanish citizen. Sir Hartley had seen Amery's personal papers which military intelligence had taken from him at the time of his capture. In these papers were certain crucial dates, and these dates showed that at the time Amery was supposed to become a naturalized Spaniard he was not, in fact, in Spain at all.

Amery's friends and defenders had certainly found documents in Spain on whose testimony they, in all good faith, believed they could rely. The Attorney-General was pretty sure of the evidence in *his* possession. Still, as he was bound to do, he had witnesses from Spain ready to prove it.

As it turned out neither these witnesses nor any others were called. Something must have been said, something must have been shown to the prisoner and his counsel during that short conference down in the cells that induced John Amery to take one of the most awful decisions that our institutions permit.

At 11.30 the trial began, after Mr. Justice Humphries had taken his place and the prisoner had been led into the dock.

The clerk of the court read out the indictment. Amery, he was told, was charged with high treason in that he had broadcast for the enemy on certain dates and attempted to corrupt the allegiance of British subjects on others.

"Are you guilty," asked the clerk, "or not guilty?"

To everyone's surprise, John Amery said in a small but even voice: "I plead guilty to all counts."

To plead guilty to a capital charge is very rare and very shocking, for sentence of death must follow inevitably. Mr. Justice Humphries, as taken aback as anybody, paused and then addressed Mr. Slade, asking him if the prisoner knew what he was doing, and if he did, realized what the immediate result would be.

Mr. Slade replied that his client did and that the position and its consequences had been thoroughly explained.

After a pause the judge told the clerk to record it, and the clerk asked Amery if he had anything to say. Amery said politely, still in his small voice: "No, thank you."

There was thereafter nothing to be done but proceed with the hideous conclusion. But Mr. Justice Humphries, like everyone else, still seemed unable to believe that anyone could thus commit judicial suicide, for he paused again after the chaplain put the square of black cloth on his wig.

"You do not want to say anything?" he asked.

And again that polite voice. "No, thank you, sir."

Then the judge passed sentence and Amery disappeared below. Unlike Joyce he did not appeal, and that perhaps was in keeping with the mystery of the trial.

Amery's was the last case with which Sir Hartley dealt personally in 1945. But he took back with him in the aircraft to Germany the papers concerning another young man who had been associated with William Joyce in the Rundfunk at Berlin. The man in question was Norman Baillie-Stewart; in some ways, perhaps, the queerest fish to come into the net of British Intelligence after the war.

As "The Officer in the Tower," Baillie-Stewart was a well-known name to the British public. That romantic-sounding phrase was applied to him as far back as 1933 when, as an officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, he had been arrested and charged with an offence under the Official Secrets Act. Baillie-Stewart achieved the dubious glamour of a spy, but the information he gave the Germans was no more than could be obtained by the intelligent study of published photographs.

The story was an involved and curiously silly one. There was no doubt that Baillie-Stewart received the sum of £90 from German sources. "As payment for the photograph of a certain British Army tank which Baillie-Stewart supplied to German Military Intelligence," said the prosecution. "Not at all," said Baillie-Stewart, "but as payment from, for services rendered to, a German girl called Marie Louise." The thing had nothing to do with spying and treachery. It was a love story.

According to Baillie-Stewart he had been on holiday in Berlin when he had the misfortune to have a young blonde fraulein fall madly in love with him.

So infatuated was Marie Louise with the dashing Scotsman that she had, reversing the usual order of things, insisted on paying him handsomely for tender evenings spent on the Wansee Lake.

Judges, especially military judges, like to have things clear in their mind. "Is it your view," asked the Judge Advocate at the trial, "that this £90 was sent to you for immoral services rendered—you know what I mean?"

Baillie-Stewart knew what he meant, but he added gallantly: "I think it was given for the whole of our friendship. It was more of a gift."

But where was, and who was, Marie Louise? About the partner of such a passionate idyll Baillie-Stewart was suspiciously vague. All that he could say of her was that she "was about five and a half feet high, had blue eyes and a good figure." There followed this snatch of cross examination:

"Did she strike you as a mystery woman?"

"All foreigners are mysterious in a way."

"Was she single?"

"I took it for granted that she was. I saw no reason to look a gift horse in the mouth."

But the court did not believe in the gift horse—blonde and five and a half feet high — and sentenced Baillie-Stewart to five years' penal servitude.

Whether he loved Marie Louise, or was loved by her, only Baillie-Stewart knows; what is certain is that he had a persisting love for Germany. He went there after his release in 1937 and did not return to Britain until brought back by the military authorities before his trial at the Old Bailey on January 10, 1946.

There were two counts on the indictment Sir Hartley Shawcross had had drafted. One was for high treason; the other was for an offence against the Defence Regulations in that he, a British subject, helped the enemy by broadcasting propaganda.

Now Baillie-Stewart was a British subject at the time he broadcast, but his case differed from those of Joyce and Amery in that he had applied for German citizenship two years before the war broke out. Sir Hartley took the view that, morally, Baillie-Stewart was a German before he started work in Berlin with Joyce. For that reason, "because," in the Attorney-General's phrase, "he remained in heart and intention a German in every sense," the first count for high treason, to which the plea was "not guilty," was taken no farther.

On the second count Baillie-Stewart pleaded guilty and was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Baillie-Stewart was released in 1949. He is now a German citizen and, when last heard of, was living in Eire and working for a German firm.

When Sir Hartley flew back to Nuremberg, on the day after Amery's conviction, he had been Attorney-General just seven months, and in that time had been as busy as some men who held the post have been during their tenure of office.

He knew that he was to be busier still, but the thought in no way displeased him.

*NEXT WEEK: The startling facts of the "Acid Bath" murders*

## A PROBLEM FOR PERCY THROWER

# Brian Rix stands knee deep in trouble

*BRIAN RIX, TV's prince of farce, has bought an extra plot of ground adjoining his home at Roehampton. His garden now totals three-quarters of an acre. "The new plot is knee high in nettles and cow parsley—ordinary weed killer has little effect. How can I deal with these weeds, and how can I replan my garden so as not to increase hard work? Finally, what can be wrong with my gladioli? They have failed to flower for the last few years."*

***Percy Thrower says:***

The best way to tackle a jungle of weeds is by frontal attack with sodium chlorate (four ounces to a gallon of water, two gallons spread over five square yards). When the weeds have died down dig the soil thoroughly and leave it rough for nine months. Treated now, a plot would be ready for planting next spring.

Shrubs require the least attention in a garden, then come roses and herbaceous plants—of which I recommend geum, phlox, Michaelmas daisies, Russell lupins and delphiniums (I like the Pacific strain of these).

Lupins do not like too rich a soil. All they require is a little peat scattered on the soil to retain moisture, twiggy branches round each plant to support the flower stems, and the regular removal of all the fading flower spikes to encourage secondary growth.

Gladioli frequently suffer from a virus disease which makes the leaves yellow or striped with brown. Affected leaves should be burned and neighbouring gladioli sprayed with insecticide.

# 33 WISHES...

AS many as 33 wishes have already been fulfilled for Bullets winners in past "Three Wishes" Offers: one of them was for that electric hair-dryer which Mrs. K. Tongue (Birmingham) is seen using on her husband in this photograph! This week Bullets invites *five* winners to the wishing-well. You can be among them, with a thrilling wish added to your £500 First Prize cheque for good fun with words!

## NOW for ANOTHER FIVE!

**£500 £25, £20, £15, £10**
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**WAY TO WIN** Here's how to shape a Bullet. First, grasp the broad idea by enjoying the latest winners. Then choose as your starting-point any Example from list below. To it, add TWO, THREE or FOUR words to make the whole into a bright Bullet.

| | |
|---|---|
| The National Pie | Hurtling Along |
| To Get Peace | Sensible Shopkeeper |
| Bubble Of Success | Daisies, Dandelions, Docks |
| If Wishes Were Horses | Devastating |
| Gambler Nasser | Those Autograph Hunters |
| A Lovely Day | Hiram's Holiday |
| In The Game Of Politics | With A Yell Of Triumph |
| Building Castles | Dad's On Strike, So |
| Man Who Runs The Show | Cut Down To Size |
| Her Secret | Souvenir Of Shrimpington |

Last six Examples are incomplete: if you wish to use one, first complete it with a word of your choice—then make your Bullet as above.

| | |
|---|---|
| John Citizen's ..... | Before We're ..... |
| .....Too Long | Hanging On The..... |
| Bit Of Luck For..... | To Make .....Heard |

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.
EX. .....
B.

**GOLDEN FEASTS** A Fowl accompanies each of the £5 and £2 10s. prizes won with Bullet which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet. One of them has a £10 WISHBONE—it may be YOURS!

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**£9** W. G. Bailey, 2 Rosella Place, North Shields: **The Peace Builders—Wise, Warn—Otherwise, *Wham*!**

**£8** L. F. Steele, 19 Empress Avenue, Ilford, Essex: **When Mum Goes Shopping—Eyes, Shies, Sighs—Buys.**

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For ten winners of £2 10s. see *Bullets Bulletin*. 100 "Double Six" Prizes, and 1,500 "Good Shot" Awards have also been posted.

**SEE YOU NEXT WEEK!**

**RULES** 1. First Prize for best Bullet received; others in order of merit. The test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all Bullets received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per Bullet. Fee submitted will be taken to cover Bullets in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated July 19), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

**(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, July 5, for early news of No. 2,146 result.)**


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*'Darling . . . we get an awful lot of weather at the back, you know . . .'*

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